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## MONEY MAD—THE ARTIST'S DREAM

## THE MIRROR

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## The Easter Mirror

**N**EXT week's issue will be the EASTER NUMBER of the MIRROR. It will be sold on the streets and at news stands at 10 cents per copy. Subscribers will receive the paper without extra charge.

The illuminated cover is by John Cecil Clay, one of the foremost American artists, a gem in dainty colors. The stories, essays, poems, sketches, will be of especial interest and unique quality. The usual departments of comment will be up to and maybe beyond, the usual standard of sprightliness. The issue will class up with the best Easter issues of the Eastern periodicals, and surpass them in vitality and vigor.

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## The Cry of the Children

By William Marion Reedy

**G**OVERNOR FOLK thinks there is something wrong with the enforcement of the laws against child labor. There is. In fact, there is something wrong with the law itself. That wrong is that the law is utterly useless and absurd, however well intentioned. Child labor cannot be stopped by law, so long as economic conditions that enforce child labor are stronger than law. Men cannot be made good or just by law.

So long as men reach for gain at the expense of others, so long will we know child labor. So long as some men and women find they cannot make a living by their own exertions, so long will they send their children to labor in factories and sweat shops. Greed and poverty are the father and mother of child labor, and other children of the union are drink, slovenliness, debauchery. Out of the despair of the poor grow the vices of the poor. And the present system of laws has set in operation economic forces which tend to increase poverty and vice. That great fortunes grow out of present conditions is true. But those great fortunes almost invariably represent the spoliation which is symbolized at the other extreme by poverty. The vaster the fortune the surer it is that it was built up on the exploitation of the masses by a control in one way or another of some phase of the governmental function of taxation.

When government, by its laws, taxes the many for the few, as by a protective tariff; when it bestows upon certain favorites who can pay therefor certain rights belonging to all the people, as in franchises giving monopoly of the highways of the people; when it enacts special laws which exempt the beneficiaries from restrictions placed upon the many—when the government does this it takes from all to give to some. When the favored few grow strong they increase the tax the government permits them to levy, and so all governmental favoritism that gives to a few men something that belongs of right to all men enables those few to rob their fellows. All privilege is robbery because it is a taking by private law what belongs to all by natural law. All wealth made for one set of citizens by governmental favor or governmental partnership is wealth that had to be first created by the many, and then taken from them more or less insidiously. Wealth cannot be created by law, but it can be stolen by law, or it can be deflected by law into the pockets of others than its creators.

All privilege in this country, all franchises, all trusts and monopolies hark back to the land. These engineries for the accumulation of wealth are all based

upon appropriation of the rights of all the people in the land. By such appropriation to the use of the few, without compensation to the many, the many are in effect and in fact, disinherited. Those who are most effectively disinherited are the poor. The appropriation of the land, and necessarily of its products, is not an appropriation for use, but chiefly for holding. Land is acquired and held out of use that the product or the use of a smaller portion of land may be dispensed to the disinherited at greater profit, and that they shall be forced to pay even to live on the land that the cunning or strong have secured and hold. By withholding land from use a limit is put upon man's productiveness, except upon the terms of the engrossers and forestallers of the land. By concentrating men upon the land of the few they are forced into competition, and the reward of their labor steadily falls, while their needs increase. Thus are the cities crowded. Thus are the poor forced to send their children to labor in the factories and mills. Land monopoly makes for concentration of population. Concentration of population makes poverty, and poverty causes child labor.

Free the land to all the people, then opportunity is enlarged. Expand the area of land opened to productiveness and work is made more abundant. Tax the land to its real value and it cannot be held idle, out of use. As land is taken from the grip of monopoly, the profit on product must fall to the extent that profit has been swollen by restriction of output. When more people are free to work the production increases, but so does the consumption of products. Wages must rise in proportion as competition under monopolistic compulsion is diminished. As wages rise, and there is more work for all men, there is more hope, less despair, more incentive to effort, less poverty, more comfort, more opportunity for self improvement by the worker. Such workers will not send their children to body-stunting and soul-starving labor in the dark and dusty factories and mills. Wipe out land monopoly and you wipe out child labor. The way to wipe out land monopoly is to tax land so heavily that it will not be profitable to anyone to hold out of use land that is available for use.

We shall have child labor with all its horrors so long as we have privilege, monopoly, coercion based upon the holding out of the land and its products by the few. No law can stop the impoverishment of the people when they are taxed for the benefit of the few for the very simplest of rights—the rights to work and to live. A little from all to a few may not mean much to the individual giving up, but it is much to the few recipients. A cent a piece from 70,000,000 people isn't much to each producer of the cent, but turn it all into the hands of 100 men and each man has \$7,000. Thus does wealth accumulate for the few. And as the taxing power of the few increases and multiplies, the drain upon even the individuals in the mass must be more appreciably felt. All privileges, tariffs, franchises are powers to tax. As they increase in numbers they increase in taxing power, so the drain becomes greater, and so it is that the least able to stand the drain under existing conditions fall into poverty and distress and dissipation and despair, and their offspring lapse into child slavery.

What's the use of talking about one law to prevent child labor when we have a thousand laws operating to enforce the necessity of child labor, when the very fundamental law of property as it is now construed is a law of disinheritance? Tax the man who holds the earth from the use of his fellows. Throw the earth open to the people to whom God gave it. This is the fundamental reform the Twentieth Century calls for. It means the end of all slavery, child slavery first of all. Until it comes Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Cry of the Children" will ring in vain in the ears of men.

Without such a reform we shall continue to have penury, want, squalor, dissipation, and out of such springs the necessity for child labor in its most shock-



ing, dehumanizing forms. We commend to Governor Folk in his investigation of this and all other social and economic problems, in his efforts for social purification of the body politic, a careful study of the so-called single tax theory of the taxation of land values.

No; it's not a panacea; but it will cure pretty nearly everything that is wrong with our social and economic arrangements that does not spring from a bad heart—and bad hearts are very few and never wholly bad. There is no heart in all the world that is not responsive to the saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;" none that does not revolt at sending little children to Him before their time by way of the disease and weakness caused by work too great for their capacities and faculties; none that does not sicken at the greater death that may befall even in physical survival those who may turn from wearying, unrequited toil to deceptive, soft, corrupting pleasure. For the economic conditions that compel child labor recruit from the ranks of child labor the sad daughters of joy in the brothels and dives of the great cities where land monopoly and land privilege most do flourish in a splendor which, great though it be, cannot blind us to the foul, fearsome, piteous things that fester and putrify and exhale infection from the heavier shadows.

## Reflections

### *The Threat of a Labor Party*

WHILE the MIRROR does not believe that the round of calls in Washington by Mr. Gompers and others representing Labor was a wise proceeding—in that it savored of mere threat, and therefore was apt to be productive only of political paltering with a view to averting the wrath of labor leaders—it is none the less the MIRROR's conviction that this country soon will have to reckon with a Labor Party. The example of the Labor victory in the recent English elections, for that was a Labor rather than a Liberal sweep, is not lost upon intelligent workers here. Moreover, the Labor movement is growing in strength in Germany, in France, in Russia. In Europe the Labor party is called Socialistic. In this country labor leaders mostly repudiate Socialism, but they are of that tendency, just the same, and are becoming so classed in the public mind. In so far as there is any broad truth in Socialism, or in brotherhood, which Labor must proclaim as its fundamental principle, the MIRROR cannot see the logic of the Labor demand for Chinese exclusion from this country. There is no brotherhood in that, though we know, of course, that for long years Labor has voted steadily for Protection, which is a corollary of exclusion of other races. The demand for an eight-hour day on the Panama Canal work seems, under all the conditions, so far as we know them, impractical. White men can't and won't do the work required. Blacks and others in that region can or will work only in such desultory fashion that a limitation of hours is out of the question. Protest against "government by injunction" is reasonable. It is condemnation without trial. It is an usurpation of executive power by judicial authority. It is recognized on all sides as a growing abuse, and it has been brought into conspicuous disrepute by its abuse in the corrupt, litigious warfare between the mining magnates in Montana and in hundreds of conflicts over rights of way between conflicting railway corporations in all the big cities. The President's reply to the Labor callers was firm and strong and unsycophantic; likewise the reply of

Speaker Cannon. They both said in effect that Labor is not the whole show in this country. That is true. Labor undoubtedly tends to arrogance in some respects, and its threat to take action politically shows it. Yet Labor has as much justification for attempting solidarity of demand and of political action as Capital has for its action, and we have seen what Capital did in 1896, 1900 and 1904. Labor unionism the MIRROR regards as but an expedient, not a remedy for present day ills. It is the readiest way in which those who suffer most under present conditions can confront, oppose and check the extortions and tyrannies of those who have secured control and dominance in legislation. Labor Unionism is simply a fighting arrangement for the time being. It is true that reform must come, not for Labor as Labor, but for man as man, independent of class or caste. In lieu of a better method, a Labor Trust has formed to fight the Capital Trust. What the country needs is simply economic independence, freedom for every man. The salaried man is, perhaps, worse off than the laboring man as specially understood in this country. Nevertheless the Labor Union is useful as a demonstration of the efficacy of fighting fire with fire, and so is to be approved as an expedient pending the time when we shall have a change that will give to all men equal opportunity to avail themselves of the right to work and live off the products of their work. Labor unionism may be, and the MIRROR thinks undoubtedly is, wrong in some things, but none the less a Labor Party is a coming development of our politics, and, perhaps, its most extreme claims will be of good effect in showing that they are but the logic of the evil system under which capitalism and special interests have advantaged themselves in legislation at the expense of the general or public interest. If Labor and Capital fight over Labor's proposal in effect that the latter's interests shall be paramount, then we shall all perceive that the truth is that no class or interest should be paramount—that this is, or should be, a government of all the people. Labor organized, using Capital's tactics, striving, for at the least, a balance of power between the two old parties, may serve the ends of all of us, and undoubtedly the plan of Mr. Gompers and others could not be projected at a better time than this when the lines between the old parties are so obliterated on several great issues that each of them must make concessions to wide and deep popular discontent and demand for redress, in order to maintain its existence. A Labor party would be a good thing. It would force the fighting. It would get the people into politics and force the gangs and the interests aside. Labor will have to demand much, in order to make sure of getting a little. It should do as least as well for the rehabilitation of the people as an actual, and not a mythical, political factor as its namesake party in Great Britain has done. Welcome to the proposed Labor party. It will work out, and work off its economic fallacies as it proceeds with its endeavors and its extremest claims will only show that they are the same thing as the proposition upon which so-called "business genius" has prospered at the expense of the multitude.

### *Big Realty Move*

THE Bank of Commerce is going to extend its bank building south on Broadway in order to make room in which to handle its business and secure a Broadway entrance. To do this it has arranged to secure the property now occupied by the *Post-Dispatch* and the property down to the Pine street corner. The *Post-Dispatch* is figuring on a new sky-scraper

home on the northeast corner of Broadway and Pine streets. This development in that locality will mean a great expenditure of money and increase in values of surrounding property. It will cost the *Post-Dispatch* at least \$50,000 to move and make room for the Bank of Commerce. The whole development of the block on the east side of Broadway, between Olive and Pine, will be considerably more than a million dollar proposition.

### *A Little One*

ALL the activities of the mouth of Alton B. Parker only show that he is simply trying to keep alive an opposition to Bryanism in the Democratic party. Yet Bryanism grows stronger all the time by the compulsive logic of events, and without Mr. Bryan saying a word. Parker talks twaddle, and hurts, rather than helps, the Wall street interests that put him forward to "feel out" the country. He's the smallest, shallowest critter that ever aspired to the Presidency. The mystery is how Joe Pulitzer ever discovered him.

JUDGE HUMPHREYS, of Chicago, is of the same mind as to the pork packers as President Roosevelt was as to Paul Morton, of the Santa Fe. These rulings teach us that if we want to do anything we shouldn't do, we should incorporate ourselves, and then go and tell on ourselves. Then we couldn't be punished as individuals for what the corporation did, and our own confession couldn't be used against us.

### *Art, the City's Step-Child*

"Is Art on the Bum in St. Louis?" The question has been answered in both the negative and the affirmative, since the MIRROR first asked it. Some people, editors and others, go so far as to say that Art is not only not "on the bum," but is really "on the hum." In any event, as a correspondent shows elsewhere in this issue, if Art is "on the bum" it can't be the fault of Prof. Halsey C. Ives, Director of the Museum. The writer points out the terrible difficulties against which Prof. Ives has labored, and shows how much has been accomplished by that gentleman at no small personal sacrifice. The fact is that the people who could support Prof. Ives in his work will not do so. They wouldn't even pay the freight upon gifts to the Museum from foreign countries after Prof. Ives had induced the Government to loan a warship to transport them across the Atlantic. Yet Chicago snapped up the gift on those terms at once. Prof. Ives is far ahead of the town. The city's rich men are dead to all appeal of art for the public. They have done little or nothing for the Museum, with a few exceptions. The professor has done wonders without any money to speak of, and all his critics will confess the injustice of their judgment upon him after reading the letter which temperately presents his case on page 13 of this issue. But while Prof. Ives is exculpated, the people who ought to do something for art are indicted for narrow and sordid meanness of spirit. The people who can do something for art and don't and won't—they are on the bum, if Art is not. They are not the common people either, for the common people are even now bestirring themselves for Art in the effort to secure the replicas of sculpture's masterpieces for the schools. Wealthy St. Louisans have less public spirit than the wealthy people of any city in the country. They do less for it. They give back less of what they make here. They are hopelessly Philistine. They live for their bellies and their purses only. They are a scurvy bunch, with exceptions which will come to mind without specifica-



tion. They haven't learned enough about their money to know that they owe the community something for it. They don't know how to expend money even for their own pleasure. They are of less usefulness or even decorative interest to the town than are citizens of small places, like Detroit or Cleveland or Toledo. Half of the rich men in St. Louis have not yet attained to the point of allowing their wives an individual bank account, but insist on all bills being sent to their offices. Our rich men generally laugh at those who buy books or pictures, or try to raise money to support musical organizations. No wonder that Art is on the bum in St. Louis. The marvel is that the Art Museum has done so well as it has against such prevalent apathy. Still we must hope, even in the face of the glaring, ghastly banality of the men who proudly advertise the bunches of junk that have been donated to the Public Museum. We are surprised that Prof. Ives has survived his wrestlings with such prominent citizens. We are sorry we added to his woes by criticising his directorate of the Museum. And still we maintain that Mr. Frederick Oakes Sylvester's letter last week upon art conditions here makes painfully plain the fact that the Art Museum is not well managed for the promotion of art and the encouragement of artists. The Board back of Prof. Ives is at fault, and back of the Board the deadly apathy to the aesthetic which is characteristic of this community which is now rich enough to give some thought to that phase of life. The letter of "Ars Longa," on page 13, shows that Art is on the bum in St. Louis in spite, not because of, Prof. Ives.

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#### Jerome

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME is reduced to his lowest common denominator. He is a "staller," as two great New York newspapers show. He flukes on the prosecution of the insurance thieves. Some of the big insurance sharks are said to have subscribed to the fund to re-elect him. As a reformer competent to contest honors with Folk he is a fizzle. He is shallow, but spectacular. The quality of him was shown when he said of Folk's "lid" that there should be one law for the city and another for the country. Thus far Jerome has undertaken no crusades except popular ones—against Canfield, the gambler, against silly old Col. Mann of *Town Topics*. He was elected largely through the efforts of the New York *Sun*, a Tom Ryan, Pierpont Morgan newspaper that collected a big fund for him. He is the sort of reformer who doesn't carry reform to the extreme of interfering with the big crooked business interests. Jerome is worse discredited than McClellan, the unelected Mayor of New York, for McClellan does occasionally take a crack at the big thieves. From all superficial indications "the big fellows" have got 'em both. The people are seeing them for what they are—rank four-flushers. It may be said, though, that McClellan is not so bad in this respect as Jerome, because the latter has quit his reforming just at the stage where reform would count for something, where it would go to the vitals of all municipal evils—special interests fortified by privilege. Jerome is great against vice. He has no fervor against the incivism of wealth. He rages against Col. Mann's predaceousness against wealth, but he has no energy against the predaceousness of wealth itself. As a political potentiality, William Travers Jerome is "a dead one."

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#### Contemptible Sybarites

BANKER KILEY, of Brooklyn, with his two wives living within three blocks of one another, has come to grief through not being willing to continue giving up to the lawyer who knew him as a bigamist. That's

the way with those big rich fellows. They want to break all the laws solely because they have money, but they won't pay the price for their pleasures. They love money even more than they love their lusts. That's where they're cheap compared with the classic, the renaissance, the French and other sybarites. Those historic vicious ones were grandly so. They'd give up anything for their vices. The American big rich man has a petty soul, even in his sins. He isn't brave in his immoralities. He's a coward, a hypocrite, a whiner and cringer. He wants to pander to himself, and yet command public respect. He wants lemans, concubines, etc., but he wants to be respectable. Respectability is his grip on his graft, and he can't let go of his graft. When he's uncovered he's a vile, groveling, sniveling wretch. Think of all the fellows recently exposed. Not one of them has the courage of his crimes. Not one that doesn't sneak away from consequences. In St. Louis when the big fellows ran to cover only one man stood pat and faced out and down the clamor of the prosecutors. There was no brains or bravery in the boodle bunch, but what was in the Ed Butler camp. In New York "Andy" Hamilton has the nerve to stand to his own misdeeds. Corey quit cold under newspaper fire when he wanted to shake his wife for an actress. Kiley turns tail when he's found with two wives. Our rich criminals and votaries of vice are a contemptible set. They aren't big even in their passions.

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#### Salvation Through Kinney

THE *Republic* endeavors desperately to establish a community of interest in the local Democratic fight between Gov. Folk and Mr. Hawes. It is to laugh. A community of interests between the Golden Rule and the Crap Game. A league between the Ten Commandments and the Race Track. Mr. Hawes hates Folk even worse than does Ed. Butler. Folk's uprising as a force blocked Mr. Hawes' ambitions. Folk's attitude as Governor wrecked Mr. Hawes' pay-train—the race track, gambling syndicate. Folk's putting on the lid injured Mr. Hawes' saloon and brewery supporters. Folk's cleaning out of the police graft is an indictment of Mr. Hawes' police administration. If the *Republic* wishes Governor Folk to entrust his cause to Mr. Hawes, the *Republic* must love Governor Folk with that fervency which characterizes the affection of the Devil for Holy Water. Mr. Hawes' interests are each and all anti-Folk. Governor Folk can no more trust his interests to Mr. Hawes in St. Louis or elsewhere than a chicken fancier could entrust the care of a hen coop to a darky. All that Governor Folk stands against, in politics, Mr. Hawes stands for. Governor Folk is an idealist. Mr. Hawes is a practical politician. Mr. Hawes has no sympathy with the Folk policy and programme. And the reason Mr. Hawes hates Folk most is because when Mr. Hawes turned Ed. Butler over to Folk as Circuit Attorney, to remove Butler from Hawes' path, Folk failed, in some inscrutable manner, to put Col. Butler in "the pen." Wherefore Col. Butler hates Mr. Hawes even more and worse than he hates Governor Folk. There is in fact, only one leader who can harmonize here the tripartite hostility of Hawes and Folk and Butler, with any possibility of organizing victory, and that is Senator Kinney. The party workers will look to Kinney to save the party from the knifing of the factions. Neither faction can win without Kinney. Therefore Kinney can make them both behave themselves for the sake of a party victory in which representatives of both factions shall share the spoils. If the factions won't unite under Kinney the Republicans will sweep the city in spite of the fact that there are two antagonistic

city committees in the Republican party, and their split is as wide and deep as that in the Democratic party.

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#### One of Grant's Stories

MAYOR WELLS' Terminal Commission is still plugging away on the terminal question. While this body deliberates—and deliberate is certainly the right word in the right place in this connection—the railroads are going ahead and investing in property whereon to establish freight yards on this side of the river. With the Wabash, the Frisco, the Rock Island, the Vandalia, the Burlington, the Louisville and Nashville roads providing terminals on this side of the river independent of the yards of the Terminal Association and evidently intending to fight for business by assuring delivery of goods quicker and cheaper; with the recurring threats of the Wabash to undertake to inaugurate store door delivery, which must absorb the drayage charge; with the different roads looking to their advantage in the matter of getting freight to their patrons without the delay of congested tracks on the common or mutual terminals of all roads, the prospects are that the terminal charges will have to disappear, to a large extent. The roads are all interested in the Terminal Association, but for that reason the Terminal Association cannot favor one road over another. But the general interest of the roads is superior to the matter of a combination of interests in the Terminal, so they are establishing their own terminals to compete on the outside with the roads with which they are in combination as to the bridges and local terminals. The situation reminds one of the good story that General Grant used to tell of a certain rough carpenter who accompanied "Stonewall" Jackson in many of his marches. On one occasion, when he was making a rapid movement, he came to a deep stream; the bridge had been burned, and it was necessary it should be restored as soon as possible. Jackson sent for his engineers and the carpenter, telling them what was required, and the engineers retired to their tents to prepare their plans. Two hours later the carpenter reported: "General, that bridge is finished, but them picters ain't come yet." The one engineer on the Terminal Commission, Mr. R. S. Colnon, will appreciate this story, even if he may fail to perceive the application of it. Clearly the terminal question may be decided by the railroads themselves, by the drying up of the Mississippi River, by the establishment of municipal ferries, by visitation of Providence, or any other of a thousand possible combinations of circumstances before the Terminal Association will give us anything as the result of its powerful deliberations.

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#### The Home Rule Issue

GOVERNOR FOLK is fortifying himself to veto a home rule law for St. Louis, should the Legislature that assembles next January enact such a measure. The Governor has completely faced-about on this question since he was elected Governor. He sees things differently now from the way he saw them when he was making his campaign for the gubernatorial nomination. Then, smarting under the gang victory in St. Louis, he said a good many things in favor of home rule that he doubtless now wishes he had left unsaid. Since this issue has been forced upon him by the Municipal Assembly of St. Louis, the Governor has fortified himself for the future by insisting that the Charter of St. Louis must be amended before the police law is repealed. Apparently, the Municipal Assembly has no intention of submitting such Charter Amendments. Perhaps the Governor knows this. Perhaps not. But in any event,



He has placed himself on record as saying that the Charter must first be amended before he will consent to a repeal of the police law. Now, if the next legislature repeals the police law, and the Charter has not been amended meantime, the Governor will be perfectly consistent in vetoing the repeal bill. The real secret, however, of Governor Folk's apparent hostility towards home rule for St. Louis does not seem to be generally comprehended. He realizes that if St. Louis is once absolutely free to govern itself, the Sunday lid will fly sky-high and the law-enforcement issue will become a roaring farce. The main force now behind the home rule issue is an escape from the rigors of the Sunday law, and incidentally a desire for wide-open gambling under police protection, with all kinds of vice graft. Governor Folk undoubtedly knows this quite well, and has even thus far in advance placed himself in a position where he can veto a home rule measure. Even should the Charter be amended as he has suggested, it is still very doubtful if the Legislature could pass any kind of a genuine home rule bill that would meet with his approval.

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#### Water in Politics

MISSOURIANS will presently be afforded a chance to note the effect of spring water on her statesmen. Both Democrats and Republicans are to hold State conventions at Excelsior Springs. The latter will nominate their Judicial ticket there, and the former will select their State ticket and formulate a platform at the Springs. The Democrats never tried the beneficial effects of Excelsior Springs water, so its potency in enabling them to nominate a winner in November is problematic. They have, however, in the past, tried Pertle Springs water and succeeded quite well the following November. On a former occasion, when Chauncey I. Filley was something more than a party reminiscence, the Republicans nominated a State ticket at Excelsior Springs. It was at that meeting that Mr. Filley sat so heavily upon Col. Kerens and Col. Liv. Morse that quite a shock was felt down in Carondelet. Col. Kerens wanted the convention to go on record as opposing the A. P. A., when Mr. Filley put him out of business in one, two, three order. Since then, the Republicans have looked elsewhere to locate their State conventions until the present year. Now they are going to mix politics and mineral water of the Excelsior Springs variety and see what it produces, and later in the season the Democrats will try the same remedy, hoping that there may be some potent power in the water that will cure that tired feeling so noticeable among Democrats in November, 1904. The result will be awaited with interest. It has always been a serious question whether it was the rejuvenating effects of Pertle Springs water that caused the Democrats and Populists to fuse in 1890 on the 16-to-1 issue so noisily advocated by the Bryanites. At any event, the Pertle Springs gathering side-tracked David R. Francis so effectually and landed Senator Stone on the winning side of the fence, that the President of the World's Fair has never yet been able to have his distress signals answered. Occasionally the St. Louis *Republic* discovers that Mr. Francis is not a political corpse, but the boys out in the brush know better, and so does Senator Stone. Not long ago the *Republic* located Excelsior Springs in Jackson County, showing that it is as badly off on its geography of Missouri as it is out of line with the party it is supposed to represent. It is extremely doubtful if it was the water at Pertle Springs that gave Democracy such a boost in 1896. At best the water at these springs is insipid sandstone water, common enough anywhere. There is

nothing Castalian or Ponce de Leonian about it. Even up in Warrensburg, two miles from the springs, neither McFadden nor Sullivan would use it at their bars for mixing toddies as the thirsty Democrats trooped up from the springs in search of new inspiration for the meeting going on down in the woods, two miles from intoxicants. The water at Excelsior Springs is said to be a little better. The saloon men there do not discard it in mixing toddies or serving as "chasers" after taking. But what effect the Excelsior Springs water will have on the party platforms remains to be seen. The Democrats, to be sure, will probably draft their State platform on law and order, or "law-enforcement," as Governor Folk is pleased to call it, in Jefferson City where the lid does not fit too tight and there is always a great abundance of refreshments both day and night, and no one ever thinks of drinking mineral water. Still, they will have another chance at platform making when they go to Excelsior Springs. But before the Democrats have a chance to promote a platform the Republicans, dropsical with the waters of Excelsior Springs, will have flung one to the breeze. What will it be? Who can tell what effect the spring water will have on these platform-makers? If Senator Warner has his way, and he will be backed by Col. Kerens, half a dozen Republican Congressmen and Attorney General Hadley, the platform will ring for law-enforcement and take a bold stand against the Sunday saloon, and thus cut the ground from under the Folk Democrats before they have an opportunity to fill up on Jefferson City whisky and announce their temperance proclivities with their mouths while digging the sugar out of the bottom of their glasses with their fingers.

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THERE is no discipline in the Missouri penitentiary. We don't lock up criminals to enable them to murder guards. The place is not efficiently managed. The convicts seem to be stronger than those in charge of the institution.

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#### The Gamblers' Story

WE missed the exultant, victorious note in the *Post-Dispatch's* announcement that the Cella Commission Company had dismissed its suits for libel damages against that paper. We missed it the more because the Cella-Adler-Tilles race track gambling gang at Hot Springs have sent word abroad through the country that they have reached an understanding with the *Post-Dispatch* whereby that paper is to refrain from future exposures of the bucket shop game, and is to offer a very feeble resistance against the C-A-T schemes to reopen the racing game in this city and State. This tip was circulated in sportdom before the suits were dismissed, but it will not amount to anything until the remaining suits of the same crowd against the same paper for something like \$600,000 are likewise dismissed. And the people are loath to believe that the *Post-Dispatch* can be silenced as to right by the endeavor of a bunch of sure-thing gamblers to get into its strong box. They do not expect that paper to quit its fight in consideration of a withdrawal of a few libel suits.

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#### Hazel of Heatherland

IF Mabel Barnes Grundy's "Hazel of Heatherland" (Baker-Taylor Co., New York), be not a classic idyl-novel from the start, I miss my guess. It has the supreme art of felicity in simplicity. The story ripples along with just enough obstruction to stir the stream to a slightly deeper music, to break the sun-lit waters into iridescent hues. The mellow,

serene, air of the English woodland is over it all, scented with the souls of old-fashioned flowers, and now and then we catch the homely kitchen music of good old-fashioned housekeeping, a glimpse into old clothes chests, a hint of a clash of wills over the petty trifles of conduct or domestic economy. The story is told by the heroine *Hazel Wycherly* in words seldom more than three syllables long, with a delicacy of humor, with consciously-contrived unconsciousness of revelation of insight, with all a girl's budding discontent and sweet restlessness of coming womanhood, gentle whim, wistful wonder, graceful irresponsibility and withal a buoyant physical gladness of living. Her acrid, hard sister *Angela* is in fine contrast and her mother is motherly with the placidity of one who has lived evenly and pleasantly without conflict with other wills, though naturally inclining to surrender to the winsomeness of *Hazel's* blithe, bright spirit. The girl talks with a wise old gardener. She plots pranks for the disconcertment of *Angela* and she draws out the simple people in the neighborhood with her ways in a singularly happy evolvment of character. The small village lives for us in remarkable truth to life, in all its placid, almost dull content, with scarcely enough infusion of the world to make its meannesses reprehensible. You love even the angular and vinegary *Angela* and *Sammy Brouster* and the teetotaler plumber. There comes a lover, a man of 35, preoccupied, solid-minded, somewhat uncouth in minor detail. *Hazel* struggles against his calm, cool, considerate, patient wooing. She won't have him because she won't admit she likes him. She flees to her aunt *Menelophe* at a nearby town. And *Aunt Menelophe* is a witty, stately, humorous, worldly-wise old lady, who has been in the swirl of life. She's a sensibly pragmatical old dear who gives the girl her head, and straightway *Hazel* plumps into an engagement with a literary prig from London who fancies her freshness and tries to "break her in" on good form and talks the fashionable jargon of science to her and is frostily perfect as to manner but utterly to seek in the matter of real feeling, sincere conviction or basic gentleness. *Hazel* is maddened by his soulless perfections and breaks the engagement and goes back to Heatherland and to the arms of the real man with the rumpled smoking jacket, the knotted shoe laces and the tie with the stuffing coming out of the frays. The book glows with sentiment that is never tawdry or cheap. It crackles with a clear-washed wit and it is sweet with the humor that is but the expression of a love for human beings as such. We live while reading this book in a world that lies in the old soft light that shines preeminently in "The Vicar of Wakefield." We take *Hazel* and all her company into our hearts and find in the joy of the book something that seems ever at the verge of tears. It has the true thrill of Nature in her gentlest moods and its philosophy is a pellucid, pious, wholly sane optimism for the like of which we must go back to the unforgettable, winsome, rambling, kindly pages of "Dream Life." 'Tis a book to make old folks young and young folks tenderer. *Hazel of Heatherland* is secure in the gallery of dear dream women who wear the faces of those who realize our ideal or of those we "loved long since and lost awhile."

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#### Seeing the Soul

A CABLEGRAM from London in a Sunday paper says that in the course of a lecture before the Psycho-therapeutic Society Dr. Ward announced that Prof. Elmer Gates of Washington, D. C., who has been experimenting with light rays, has found about five octaves above



violet a form of waves similar to X-rays. Dr. Ward says further that under these rays living objects throw a shadow which exists only as long as there is life in the object. A live rat, he says, was placed in a hermetically sealed tube and held in the path of the rays in front of a sensitized screen. So long as the rat was alive it threw a shadow. When it was killed it became suddenly transparent. Now we quote: "Here," said the lecturer, "there was a strange phenomenon. At the very instant the rat became transparent a shadow of exactly the same shape was noticed to pass, as it were, out of and beyond the glass tube and vanished as it passed upward on the sensitized screen." The rat's soul. This is news. The most important news in the world's history. What does the world say to this proof of a spirit? Only: "Rats!"

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We don't need two Coliseums or large convention halls. The one at Jefferson and Washington avenues will be enough. Let the south Grand avenue site be held and occupied by Battery A's armory. The scheme to put the Coliseum down there was foolish.

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Why not abandon the free bridge idea and agitate for free ferries that will cost a great deal less, can be secured more quickly and will provide more immediate relief from Terminal exactions. Results are what are wanted. Municipal ferries will get them in short order.

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## Kindly Caricatures

[49] Herbert S. Hadley

CHALLENGING Folk's supremacy for a quinquennium as representative of the Missouri idea of Reform comes Herbert S. Hadley into the fierce white light of publicity. He isn't as adept as Folk in enlisting as his personal press bureau the services of Lincoln Steffens, Ray Standard Baker, Charles E. Russell and the other magazine "exposers." He came late upon the scene and the people can't have a horde of heroes all at once. Hadley's work has not been so sensational as Folk's or Jerome's. In fact, the funny aspect of his pursuit of the Standard Oil magnates to get their testimony against themselves, has been made to eclipse, to some extent, its serious features. Yet though he has not been puffed and guffed as Jerome and Folk have been, Hadley begins to loom up as a man able, persistent, resourceful. He hasn't put in stripes a lot of petty boodlers, but he has made the greatest law-defying corporation in the world "knuckle under" to the law. He has put the Rockefellers on their knees pleading for mercy, sent them crawling to the President, forced them to admit their lawlessness in open court.

He hasn't done all this in brass-band fashion. He hasn't "worked" the press. He hasn't made his moves with calculated theatric effect. He has not lectured or sermonized. He isn't a radical in any sense. What he has done he has done simply in the course of his duty. Of course, reform and crusading were an old story before he began. Undoubtedly Folk had made it easier for reformers by showing that reform was the thing the people would reward. And it is not in any spirit of hostile criticism that it is said that Folk accomplished much through his contrivance of dramatic effect in his work. "The finest action is always the better for a patch of purple." Mr. Hadley found that the Standard Oil Company was violating Missouri's laws. He "went after it." He got it.

'Tis no disparagement to say that any one who will go after an evil will get it and down it. All powerful evils are weak when rightly gone after. But few dare to go up against great powers in finance, in politics, in business. Mr. Hadley might

well have remembered the fate of Attorney General Monett of Ohio, who "went after" Standard Oil and was promptly squelched. And it means nothing to say that Demarest Lloyd, Ida H. Tarbell and Tom Lawson paved the way for Hadley. They had formed a public opinion against Standard Oil, but Hadley had to bring Standard Oil into court, had to "make good" his charges, had to reach out all over the land for evidence, had to meet its moguls face to face and give battle to their mighty array of legal brains. It wasn't mere hurling of invective for him. It is Hadley's chief claim to distinction that he proceeded with the one case in hand, without divergence into generalities or spectacularities, that he held close to the law, that he met delay and obstruction with patience and ingenious persistency, that he "stuck to his knitting." This it was that brought the country's greatest monopoly into court with a plea of guilty to Hadley's charge, and that charge contained in itself the essence of every charge against Standard Oil—that it evaded and defied the laws of all States and of the Nation.

Mr. Hadley was born in Kansas and schooled there. He is only 34 years old—younger than Folk by three years. His is the Kansas spirit, somewhat mollified. He is not a fanatic though he has some sympathy with the Kansas passion for trying new things. He has some of the Kansas poetry in him, too, as his speeches show. He is more modern in mind than Folk. He quotes Robert Louis Stevenson, whereas Folk refers to Roman history for his illustrations. Folk retains some flavor of the old Southern ante-bellum "bushwah," flubdub, in his oratory. Hadley talks more easily, airily, concretely, less ornately, less oratorically. He talks Kansas: Folk talks Tennessee. Hadley is a Republican. Folk is a Democrat. They are one as to law enforcement, but Hadley is still a believer in Republicanism, which is in the ultimate against law enforcement *a l'outrance*, inasmuch as it favors special laws to help business, to give some an advantage over others. Hadley is a "cleverer fellow" than Folk. He impresses you as being less "consecrated," more sympathetic to the joy of living, more human you might say. Hadley has the social accomplishments of the young American. He is a bully banqueter but not much of a talker everlastingly *au sérieux*. He is blessed with abundant humor and carries himself like a Gibson man, affecting not the pale statesman pose. His law is good. The highest courts have said so. He is keen but not precipitate. He doesn't get excited. He shows little concern for popular opinion or interest.

How far Herbert Hadley will go one were temerarious to say. As a Republican he can not be expected to see much harm in special interests and so he cannot be regarded as a rising hope of the radicals who would strike at that fundamental evil, though he may be as Macaulay said of Gladstone, reviewing his first book, a rising hope of the Tories, making as Roosevelt makes, as a Republican, some concessions to reform to stave off revolution. He is an accession and a needed one to that Republican element which would check in that party the tendency to make public subservient to private interest. He is a sign and a symptom like Roosevelt, like Everett Colby, in New Jersey, like La Follette, in Wisconsin, like Cummins, in Iowa, of a Republican movement "back to the people." He is one of the Liberal Conservatives of the Nation and he is the more conspicuous because he hails from the State newest in the ranks of Republican commonwealths. His party cannot overlook him and will not in view of the fact that he has refused to let celebrity run away with his good judgment. He is a young man dangerous to the dominance of selfish interest in his party, therefore dangerous, too, to the hopes of those who would literally pull the ground from under the social and economic structures that are temples of privilege and insidious oppression.

One swallow does not make a summer and one reform does not make a statesman, but Hadley has done other things than bring Standard Oil to book. His action against the Lewis bank scheme was prompt, effective, courageous. His fight against the race track gamblers was sincere and strong. His interposition in the Ramsay-Gould dispute for control of the Wabash has not yet reached its denouement, but must culminate in driving the railroads out of coal mining in this State. He has plenty of big work cut out for himself to do, and he will do it. If you don't believe it look at his chin—rather than listen to it. He is at his prime. He has the rest of youth and its love of work that must be wrought. In one year he has become a National personality. What will he be at the end of his three remaining years of office? Possibly, the leading new Republican of the United States. More power to him! May compromise, expediency, policy fail to reach and entangle him!

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## The Coal Strike and a Cure

By Louis F. Post

WHILE the general public are facing the possibilities of a coal famine, and thousands are contemplating a long period of involuntary idleness, it would harm neither to do a little thinking on the absurdity of the cause of the dilemma and the ease with which it could be removed.

The general public are, as usual, thoughtless enough to be easily led into railing at the coal miners for going on strike. It is more direct and therefore easier to blame the strikers than the mine owners, for is it not plain if the strikers didn't strike there would be no coal famine? But this way of looking at the matter ignores the question of the relative rights of the miners and the mine owners.

When the miners strike, they are merely withholding their labor. And haven't they a right to withhold their labor? Isn't their labor their own? Suppose their withholding it does result in a coal famine, have the general public any right to be supplied with coal by coal miners who object to doing it? Let the miners' reasons be what they may, good or bad, no honest man will thoughtfully say that they are under any obligation whatever, in the absence of contract, to mine coal when they don't want to.

Very different, however, is the relation of the mine-owners, both to the general public and to the miners. For the coal mines do not belong to the mine-owners in the same absolute sense in which the miners' labor belongs to the miners. Coal mines are natural deposits. They are primarily as truly common property as are the waters of the ocean or the air we breathe. But to make them useful to the general public, dominion over them must be exercised by some one. For this reason—at least this is the only valid reason—they have been placed under the dominion of mine owners. But this is in trust for the common good. The mine owners have not the same right to close the mines that the miners have to stop work. Hence, it is to the mine owners, these trustees of a common bounty of nature, and not to the miners whose labor is their own to use or not to use as they will, that the general public should first turn with a demand to know why a coal famine impends.

If the general public do turn to the mine owners with that demand, there will be a revelation. Not a revelation of the facts, for the facts are already revealed; but a revelation as to the significance of the facts. We have allowed these trustees of a common bounty to assert absolute ownership, as if they had created the bounty or bought a title running back to its Creator. And we have favored them by virtually exempting such holdings from taxation. The taxes on the value of rich coal-mining opportunities are trifling. Consequently, the coal-mine owners can wage war with coal miners, over petty questions of





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HERBERT S. HADLEY

wages, to the extent of producing coal famines, and do so with profit.

Let us reverse our attitude toward this question. Let us no longer rail at coal-miners who stop working, as they have a right to do whether it causes coal famines or not, and turn our attention to the coal-mine owners, who are mere trustees of a common bounty and have no right to prevent its utilization. There would be no difficulty in producing beneficent results if we made up our minds to do it. Nothing is necessary but to tax to the full the value of mining opportunities, whether they are utilized or not. Were we to do that, they would be utilized. The mine owners could not afford to shut down if they had to pay a good round tax on the actual market value of their natural coal deposits. Neither could they afford to provoke or permit a strike, for that would be equivalent to a shut down. Under this policy, there would be no coal strikes, no shut-downs in coal mines, no coal famines, but a demand for coal miners that would raise wages as strikes never can.

Besides allowing coal-mine owners to ignore their trusteeship, and strengthening their power by taxing the value of coal deposits lightly, we have further played into their hands by imposing a protective tariff on bituminous coal. This tariff keeps foreign coal out of the country so long as the price of domestic coal is less than the tariff rate plus cost of production and freight. It consequently operates to that extent as a shut-down on foreign coal mines, and makes a coal famine all the more possible whenever our coal-mine owners engage in a labor war with their miners. Foreign coal would relieve the famine, but for the tariff, and this advantage could be taken, away from the coal barons in a week. Nothing more is necessary than an act of Congress repealing the tariff on bituminous coal. If this cannot be enacted immediately, in the face of the threatened coal famine, whose fault is it? It is certainly not the fault of the coal miners, for it is to their interest to weaken the power of the coal monopolists, and this would do it. The fault for the neglect or refusal of Congress to repeal that obstructive tariff duty lies at the door of the coal mine owners. Upon them, therefore, should rest the odium of causing a coal famine, if one comes. It should not rest upon the miners, who have a right to refuse to mine, and whose demand is for an increase in wages which is trifling in comparison with the increased cost of living that distinguishes this era of booming "prosperity." *From the Public (Chicago).*

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## The Portreeve

By Frances Porcher

**E** DEN PHILPOTTS is at his best when he writes of Devon, her moors, her streams, her people, and "The Portreeve," his newest Devon book, is one of the strongest works, if not the strongest, of this more than entertaining writer. Just why Philpotts does not achieve the vogue of Hardy, who is very little his superior, it would be hard to state, and yet he has not that vogue—book dealers will tell us that. No modern English writer excels him, at times, in the artist touch of description and the atmosphere he invokes is well-nigh perfect, the breath of the moor, the ripple of the stream, the scent of the hay, are all his to give to the one who goes with him to Devon's tors and meadows and wastes.

In the first chapter of "The Portreeve" is this atmosphere created, and it never loses its hold to the end of the story. The story itself is one of primal passions, almost primal people in their outlook upon life, and this atmosphere is the harmonious setting for it. Its very naturalism, which is no offense in this setting, would be salacious in some other.

*Dodd Wolferstan*, the hero of the book, gives to its title by virtue of his office, that of Portreeve, an officer who in Saxon times was "reeve of market

towns and steward of free men. He stood for the community, controlled transactions of sale or barter, and represented power. Not the king, not the State, not the lord of the borough elected him. He obtained his authority from his equals" and in so doing one can readily see that in such an office the personal equation must enter largely. To be Portreeve a man must needs be something in an individual sense to his fellow man. He must have achieved a distinction that would make for trust as well as for popularity; he must have risen into civic prominence in some fashion, and in proportion as to the plane of his rise would be the prominence attained.

It seems that no man could have stood for more in the eyes of his fellows than this Portreeve of Bridgestowe, for his father was a hedge-trimmer and his early years were spent with his mother in the union workhouse. From this handicap of beginnings he had risen to bailiff's place on *Alexander Horn's* large grazing farm, was a scientific bee keeper, a photographer of some note, vicar's church warden and now Portreeve. An ambitious man, a clever man, an intensely religious man, he was, at the opening of the story a very happy man, for added to all the rest he had won the love of the one woman he desired, a beautiful and good girl of humble station, one *Ilet Yelland*. There seemed not a cloud in his future outlook; all that ambition desired was in his grasp; he would go on and on, and as he climbed he would lift the woman he loved and the children he would father up with him.

But there were two living factors with which he did not reckon; one, *Abel Pierce*, a cousin of *Ilet's*, who had stood a good chance of being her husband until the Portreeve appeared, and the other in the person of *Primrose Horn*, daughter of his employer, a beautiful woman of strong animality, who desired nothing so much as that *Dodd Wolferstan* should one day be her husband. She liked the clean, brisk, handsome body of him; the high color of him; the voice of him; his courage, wisdom and even his religious faith in the principles and dogmas of that church on

## Gifts for the Easter Bride

In this issue of the Mirror we wish to extend to its readers an invitation to see our collection of beautiful new things appropriate for wedding presents.

### Suggestions in Solid Silver:

**Coffee Spoons**—12 Solid Silver, our "Vintage" pattern, in silk-lined case—**Price \$13.50**

Others from \$6.50 up, in cases.

**Oyster Forks**—Our "Mar-shal-el" pattern, 12 Solid Silver Oyster Forks, in case—**Price \$22.50**

Others from \$12 up, in cases.

**Butter Spreaders**—Our "Laurel" pattern, 12 Solid Silver Butter Spreaders, in case—**Price \$19.00**

Others from \$15.00 up, in cases.

**Ice Cream Spoons**—Our "Spring Blossom" pattern, 12 Solid Silver Ice Cream Spoons, in case—**Price \$17.00**

Others up to \$32.00, in cases.

**Asparagus Forks**—Our "Apollo" pattern, large Serving Fork, in case—**Price \$7.50**

Others up to \$18.00, in cases.

**Orange Spoons**—Our "La Clede" pattern, 12 Solid Silver Orange Spoons, in case—**Price \$25.00**

Others from \$16.00 up, in cases.

A great variety to select from; any number, as few or as many pieces as you may desire—and in every instance the best at the price quoted.

**Mermod, Jaccard & King**

Broadway, Cor. Locust

However, we do not wish to leave the impression that our offerings are confined to Silverware—for as a matter of fact we have larger and beautiful collections of Cut Glass, and China wares, Mantel and Hall Clocks, Art electroliers, Art goods, Bric-a-brac, etc.—Call and see them, or write for our illustrated catalogue. Mail orders secure prompt and careful attention.

which he trusted." A woman as beautiful and rich as *Primrose* could not fail to have lovers, but none touched her heart but one, *Orlando Slanning*, whom she had twice rejected, but whose devotion remained unchanged, and whose love for her she loved.

In social status it was a far cry between *Abel Pierce* and *Primrose Horn*, but they were both of the primal type. They were both filled with the desire of the chase, in each the dominant passion for one could brook no interference. The man loved children, the passion for fatherhood possessed him; but *Ilet Yelland* must be the mother of his children. The woman did not desire motherhood, but she did desire the Portreeve, body and soul.

*Abel Pierce* brooded, when *Ilet's* engagement was known, and among friends defined his position: "No, I don't want your help, nor any other man's, but I say it here, w' half a pint of beer in me an' no more, that I'll marry the woman from under his nose—by God I will!"

*Primrose Horn*, being of a class above the laborer, held her peace and plotted, and, having heard casually of *Abel Pierce's* feelings saw, in his passion for *Ilet* a tool ready to her hand.

Not to tell the story, the foregoing is sufficient to introduce the elements that work out the tragedy of the Portreeve's life. The woman's was the brain to conceive, and the man's willing heart and lying tongue carried out her scheme, and between them a scandal was sent broadcast which separated the lovers, and *Abel Pierce's* oath was kept, for he married the girl "from under the Portreeve's nose." To them in due course came a daughter, and one of the most delightful chapters in the book is that which portrays her christening party. In it figure several minor characters whose dialogue is *par excellence*.

*Dicky Barkell*—an unorthodox soul—is a particularly fine talker. He knows no other name for spade but "spade," and it is *Dicky* who says, "No, ma'am; there's nothing of the father in me. Not but what I believe in babbies with all my heart. I'd trust 'em further than their parents, 'most always, and I'd back



em to run the show, when we go under, a lot better than we have. But as to breeding 'em and bringing 'em up to be worth their salt, 'tis skilled labor—or should be. You wants a particular build of mind to be a parent, and I've not got it." "'Tis lucky your father didn't think the same. I s'pose you're not sorry you're born yourself?" asked Tommy Ball.

"Not at all. To be alive is the first step, certainly. But 'tis a very broad-winking business, the getting of childer. Us don't have 'em because we love 'em, but because we love their mothers. . . . Getting a child isn't doubling yourself; 'tis halving yourself; 'tis lessening yourself by so much. A man once a father may be so much the greater in his own eyes, but he's so much the less in nature's. For why? To breed be to do what nature's set on your doing. After that you'm no more to her than the old apple-tree past bearing. Having played her game, you can go and shoot yourself for all she cares."

While her peasant accomplice is fulfilling his happy destiny *Primrose* bides her time, and with all the subtlety of her sex draws nearer to the man she desires and draws him nearer to her. Her patience is infinite, her cunning far-reaching, and at last the day comes when victory is in her grasp. The environment is perfect; they are alone in a summer house seeking shelter from rain and the woman knows her hour to strike has come. She plays upon the animal in the man and at last his arms enfold her, his kisses are on her lips and in another moment he would have asked her to be his wife. A sudden interruption changes destiny for them both.

*Abel Pierce* is dying, the result of accident, and must see the Portreeve, so he rushes away to receive the confession of the man who separated him from *Ilet*. The dying man implicates no one but himself and the secret of the pact with *Primrose* dies with him.

With the death of *Pierce* the old love for *Ilet* comes surging back to the Portreeve and the interrupted proposal to *Primrose* is never finished. The woman's passion turns to hate and she begins to plan her most devilish revenge.

She marries *Slanning* to make him her tool for the Portreeve's destruction just as she used *Abel Pierce* as her tool years before. Quietly, silently she works her plan of retribution, a hellish plan which destroys the man in soul as well as body.

The author has most powerfully developed the plot of the book and with many possibilities in reach for a realism *ad nauseam* has steered clear of such pitfalls in a most masterly style. Just now when questions of race-suicide and of the Race itself are being actively written upon and universally talked about, the naive discussions upon child-bearing and rearing in "The Portreeve" will be especially enjoyed.

Some very plain and practical truths upon these subjects are told by the Devon peasants; particularly by *Dicky Barkell*, the Freethinker. For instance: "I've my share of faith, for all your talk," says *Dicky*; "and hearing that you are going to have a child may make you tenderer to what I do believe in. I believe in the unborn—always have. That's where I put my trust. 'Tis one of the blots on life that we don't think more of what we owe them. You Christians with your maxims—why don't you do to the next generation as you would have them do to you?" "And don't we think for them?" "Devil a bit! What did I hear to Okehampton Station yesterday from the man himself? I mean that chap Luke Masters, the porter. His wife be in the lunatic asylum again after bearing him another child. Presently she'll be well and come out and breed once more. The law allows it. That's how much we think of the unborn. And a chap with sick lungs may marry a female with a weak head every day of the week if they like and the parsons will tell 'em to increase and multiply. And the law allows it. Think of the wicked, careless, cruel ignorance of that. All this we suffer smiling, and then if a farmer sets a trap to prevent field vermin eating him out of house and home, we scream about it. We meet



SWELL THINGS.

Lest We Forget

WE USE CAMP JACKSON  
SPRING WATER.

## Dinks L. Parrish's Laundry,

(CORPORATION.)

3126 and 3128 OLIVE STREET.

NOT IN A TRUST.

and babble and insult our betters, when wise men put a beast to pain for the sake of adding to human knowledge; but every year we let thousands of creatures be bred into a life-time of sure agony and utter failure without a sigh. \* \* \* For that matter, the parents that get a quiver full of weak, useless children are worse than murderers and I'd punish them worse. \* \* \* Look around you, Wolferstan, and read some of the figures you'll find in the papers. Think a bit, and put two and two together same as I do. We muzzle dogs for a few years and hydrophobia's a thing of the past. If we muzzled bad breeders for a generation or two—what then? Why, instead of spending millions—millions, mind you—on our insane paupers, we should find lunacy going down instead of up. \* \* \* What I'm saying be a heap more religious than your imbecile way. The religious man and the humane man nowadays is the man of science who seeks truth and stands up for sanity before all else." By token of which foregoing you may readily perceive that in "The Portreeve" a spade most decidedly is spelled s-p-a-d-e, but for the rest of it—its delicious atmosphere, its artist touch, its plot and the power of the fulfilling thereof—why, that, one must read for himself.

\*\*\*

## Blue Jay's Chatter

Dear Jenny Wren:

I SEE that Mrs. Dr. Forster is coming to the social front again in the matter of swell little functions that always honor somebody or something in right ship shape. The latest of hers was a pretty luncheon one day last week for an army bride.—Didn't I tell you the army would get popular in this burg before long, especially if women like Mrs. Forster begin to get busy on social doings for the Barracks—And this was to introduce some bride, the wife of Captain Cannon, I think, a very slender, charming blonde who was a Philadelphia girl. The Cannons were only married in February and are delightful cultured people or is it cultivated that I mean, dearest? I am never sure and half the time I forget whether 'tis cultured potatoes and cul-

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ONE I LOVE,  
TWO I LOVE,  
THREE I LOVE, I SAY,  
BLANKE-WENNEKER CHOCOLATES  
I WILL LOVE ALWAY.

tivated consumers of potatoes or 'tother way which. Anyhow, and so forth, the Cannons are the real things and we're glad they are here, if only for the usual tantalizing brief season that most army

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folk consider a long spell. They have a perfectly stunning widow with them down at the post—a Mrs. Hayk or Hawk or something like that. She looks like Minnie Siegrist used to look, only she is as beautifully brune as Minnie was blonde, and my eye, but the men were staring the other day when I saw her on Broadway with Mrs. Oliver Garrison. I think she is some relation of the Garrisons, and she can borrow my money any cold day this spring, Jane. I'm for her, good and hearty.

Speaking of military matters, Gen. and Mrs. Corbin are here for a while, until the General retires as head of the army in a few months. There's been nothing done for them yet, because it's Lent, though those who have met Mrs. Corbin quietly and informally vote her wholly charming. That engagement of the gallant officer at the Barracks and one of our prettiest, piquant girls still holds good. They'd be married right away, but the uncertainty as to whether the officer will be ordered to China keeps the wedding bells from ringing. A military acquisition of note is Lieut. Col. James Moss on Gen. Corbin's staff, just home from the Philippines. He was in the fight at San Juan hill right near Roosevelt and he was a great hit here when he visited Mrs. Henry Lucas, about four years ago, and was entertained by her, with Grace Van Studdiford, then in society without stage attachments, to divide the honors. Capt. Moss is one army man who can tell things military in a way you'll understand and among his other good points is that he's a friend of Jack Kearney's,—Jack who's always doing nice things for somebody.

❖

By the by, there is a certain well known young woman in town, this winter, engaged to a man almost but not quite so well known, who is getting talked

about horribly, dearest. I shall not tell you her name, Jen, for I have a sneaking idea that she is in some distant way related to your family, but she has done such queer things lately that you sure'y ought to hear about them, if only to gain a little more experience as to how some of the world will wag along. The girl is popular and is seen at all places where our crowd goes, though I can hardly say that she is really one of us. But her family name is on several club lists, women's as well as men's, and she gets in about everywhere.

When her engagement was announced to a man recently settled here everybody thought 't very nice. The man is also a club man and it's said has a good deal of money.

The other afternoon—it was at the Crouch euchre—it began to snow right smart, dearest, before we finished and as we all were getting into wraps I heard this girl working the club telephone—the euchre was at the Women's Club, you know, and the 'phone is on that nice little stairway landing, so that we all couldn't help hearing the whole thing. Would you believe me, Jane, if that girl didn't ring up a certain well known Grand Avenue livery stable and order a carriage for herself, and tell the stable to charge it to her fiancé? Now, what'd you think o' that? True as preach'n'! Another trick they say she has, at the Mercantile Club to which the man belongs, is of taking a party of girls up there for lunch and using one of her fiancé's visiting cards as a passport—they know her, too, and know that she is engaged all right—and then charging the luncheon or the drinks or whatever they have, to him. I know two girls who were so shocked the day this happened that they haven't been able to see straight yet. They've cut her dead.

But she looks all right, Jane; she dresses more

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than well, and she is invited to most of the swell houses in town, and so what more can you ask? Nowadays you're out of the running, dearest, if you haven't any individuality. Some people have too much, though, and I guess she's one of 'em. And yet—it's not so wrong to let him begin paying a few months in advance, is it?

❖

Doctor Waldo Briggs—dear me, how inconsiderate of the Briggses to name that boy Waldo, wasn't it? Waldo and Briggs don't somehow seem to fit, the front name being too high-sounding for the hind-



er part—now, if it were Bill or Tom or Jim—well, anyway, Doctor Waldo Briggs, who is the dean of some big medical institution and a very much reached-the-top kind of physician and portly with the port that arrives when you are fifty, is going to marry a mere chee-ild, Jane, and you surely remember that cute dimply little Anna Shipley—Anna Blow Shipley, to be very particular as to the name, Jane. She's a grandson of dear old Dick Johnson who was consul at Han Kow under Grant and is now in charge of the Grand Jury or the city's skeleton-closet. Anna was a patient of his once, when she swooned away in school one day when the lesson in fractions—I think she was in fractions then—was too hard for any nice girl, and Doctor Briggs was hastily summoned to the school house where he felt Anna's pulse and then administered some reviving dope and then gently bore her inanimate form—you see, I know how all those things go, darling—and I haven't read "paper-covers" for nothing these forty-odd years—and, as I sa'd, bore her to the waiting automobile that stood champing its bit on the front curbstone. And Anna completely revived on the way home, but Doctor Briggs wouldn't let her go back to the fractions any more. He put his foot right straight down and prescribed plenty of out door exercise taken mostly in the form of auto rides in the Briggs machine, which is a daisy, Jane, and one calculated to make most any girl sick to ride in. And with such a 'ansome shaffer, too. Well, the upshot and outcome of the whole thing was that Anna began work on household table linen and hand-embroidered thingums, you know, and the nasty old school room, with its narrow environment and its absence of doctors with autos, was left far, far in the m'sty past. And Anna said she would, right up nice and quick, when the Doctor asked her one balmy evening in February—we used to keep the windows open last month, Jane, but we're not doing it right now in March, don't you imagine for a half second—and her wedding was kept a profound secret which of course means that the intimate friends and everybody that they knew were told immediately, and then the papers all said so coyly and nice, that the secret had just leaked out. And what do you think? Doctor Briggs was going down to New Orleans for a trip, but he has decided to stay at home and get married instead. Isn't that fine and noble of him? And, my land sakes, don't all us girls wish we could step into Anna's shoes a prominent and already risen physician with prestige and plenitude and popularity and all other nice things that begin with the same letter and sound illigant, and Anna belongs to one of our most distinguished families, the Blow connection, you know, and that ought to count for a good deal, don't you think? and she is a lovely sweet girl and sings like a canary bird. They are going to be married right hot off the bat, as it were, and spend a whole month honeymooning, with a wedding supper to follow the ceremony, ain't that the swell plan, though? My sakes, what wouldn't mother give to have me off her hands for keeps like that, and in the tender care of a competent physic'an.

Nothing doing in the gay sass'ety line, except weddings and rumors of sich. Mabel Riddle and the young man by the name of Fouke who is going to espouse her have decided on April 7 as their jumping off date; and Eugenia Howard, heiress and debutante, will proceed to make Sterling Edmunds, excellent newspaper man and society swell, happy also in May.

All the society girls in town this week haven't a bean they can lay hands on. Why not? Simply because Jack Schlange is here with a Richard Carle show at the Century and all the boys are chasing the girls of that troupe like mad. There were at least thirty of our young and eligible swells at the stage door Sunday night, and every night s'nce.

Can't understand it, Jane. Those chorus girls aren't in it for looks with the girls who are left to pine. They are minus as to brains and they talk like gramophones and they chew gum, yet here they are riding in automobiles, eating swell d'nners, smothered with flowers in their rooms like princesses and the way they boldly smile and ogle and wink and kick at their society cavaliers in the Century audiences is something awful even to think of. Some Britisher named Hardy has recently written a book "What Men Like In Women," and I must read it for a clew to the clutch the ephemeral, flitting chorus girl has on our young men of money and talent. The girls of the chorus themselves don't know. Our young men who've gat a grouch on blowing in ten dollars to take a swell g'rl to the theater will blow in a hundred on some ex-ragger who only laughs at them. We have this thing every time a show comes along with a bunch of girls in tights, gauze and paint. It's sickening, that's what it is.

Sass'ety is making ready to turn out *en masse* and *en regle* to see Viola Allen at the Olympic on one night of her engagement, for the benefit of the Salvation Army home for babies. Mrs. Joseph Gilman Miller has taken up the project and has made it go with a vengeance. It will be a social round-up the like of which we've never before seen here, even at Grand Opera or Mansfield or—the Rotchers Bruders, who hold the record as an art attraction.

## Millinery

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"VAGARY" expresses the style conditions this season; and so the conformity of the hat to the lines of the face and figure is absolutely essential. The woman makes the hat.

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A season also of Ribbons and Velvets and Feathers. In fact, whatever is pretty is right.

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THOMAS B MOSHER  
PORTLAND, MAINE

clared in the case of the other man indicted for the selfsame act, should never have been found. We need Ellis over here. Wouldn't it be jolly if the case should be *nolle prosequi* and he could drop in on us some day and announce right off that he's to be married to the Junoesque opera singer from this city to whom he has been so attentive. It's about time that Apollonian Mr. Sager should do something like justice to Ellis and for society. I wonder if a call by a committee of *grandes dames* upon Mr. Sager and a presentation of the fact of the need of Ellis in our midst to liven things up socially would do any good. A vote of the people of this city on whether Ellis should be cleared of the fool case against him would be forty to one in the affirmative.

✱

Why, my dear, society has reached such a stage here that even the wine drummers don't care for us. They don't struggle for the honor of starting a vogue for their brands in the local smart set. Why out in Frisco, that easy, drawing, genial Joe Der'ng has the whole town torn up because he has made White Seal such a favorite that all the gents of the other champagnes are tumbling into the town and cutting loose with their money to create a demand for other wines. They are hiring young society men right and left at big salaries and commissions to boom their brands and getting coin into circulation most gratifyingly. I don't think they'll be able to outgeneral Joe or to dislodge White Seal, but the point I make is that we're clean out of the social status if we're judged by "The Champagne Standard"—have you read Mrs. John Lane's book with that title?—for the wine men haven't been in evidence here among our swell set since before the Fair. Der'ng seems to have cinched the town for White Seal, for we don't see or even hear of 'Gene Sullivan, or Joe Garneau, or Dwight Kinney and poor Billy Crossley died two or three weeks ago. I say, on Bub's indisputable authority, that any town is dead socially when the champagne hustlers are not fighting for supremacy in supplying the "jolly water." In New York even so high up a personage as Harry Lehr takes pay for boosting wine sales in society. Years ago Gus Hebard used to do it in St. Louis. Now it seems that we get the go-by or maybe it's because Joe Der'ng has made White Seal as dear to our hearts, or necessary to our lives as Lemp's beer or Budweiser. "The Champagne Standard" is a study of American society that will be meaningless here, I fear. Society without champagne exists nowhere as it does here. We seem to have "put the lid on" in society even as Folk has put it on the saloons, whereas in a city of 700,000 people there ought to be a battle on between the eight or ten world-famous wine concerns all the time.

✱

Mrs. Lyda Roth who was the beauteous Miss Bevis has divorced her husband, Frank Roth, of the porcine resemblance. She told the court he drank champagne in the mornings. This is good ground for divorce in St. Louis. It is bad form to drink champagne here, in the morning. This is the place where we drink beer before breakfast. We are true to our home product. Roth was a provincial from Cincinnati. And maybe Lyda won't be a handsome grass widow—too handsome to remain so for very long. Indeed, they say—but I've quit gossiping during Lent.

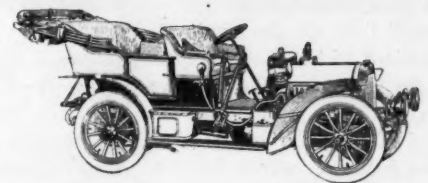
✱

Huh! Talk about the real society thing. I'm told that the Dainty von Ende girl that Henry Lackland is to marry is of an older family even than the Hohenzollerns themselves and that they've been on the very innermost inside of court life for years beyond record or number. There was a branch of the family in this city twenty-five or thirty years ago, but its representatives went back to Europe and this girl whom Henry has captured came out to the Fair to see the old town all unsuspecting she'd meet her fate.

BLUE JAY.

1906

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## Is Art on the Bum in St. Louis?

To the Editor of the Mirror:

That's right; stir 'em up, even if you have to be unjust to Prof. Ives of the Museum! He's used to suffering for the cause. But the facts don't bear out the criticism against Prof. Ives. Things look different from the inside. Let me point out a few things that some of the critics in the MIRROR seem either not to know or to have deliberately ignored.

This Society business is rot. Being in society doesn't do anything for art. Society doesn't care for art. Pink teas and five-o'clocks, and *bal pandres* and all that are no good for art. That is, I know at least one good artist who was taken up in a way by society and led into doings with the society folks in the hope of commissions and sales. It made him finally a dawdler; his ability ossified; his energies were made flabby and he died disappointed and defeated.

The picture of art museum conditions in the MIRROR, I think, does scant justice to what we have actually accomplished in bringing about the present advantageous, and entirely unexampled, opportunities. Certain statements made in your editorial article are so far from the real conditions as to lead me to think that you may have been too much occupied to read the various diatribes regarding the work, placed in your hands from time to time. For instance, as to the proposition advanced by impulsive critics, that the Museum has gained little from its Director's connection with two world's fairs—let me call your attention to the facts.

Enclosed is a partial list of donations added to our permanent collections since Prof. Ives has been in charge of the affairs of the Department of Art of the St. Louis Exposition. These particular additions, to the value of \$150,000, were in nearly every instance obtained directly through the influence of the Chief of the Department of Art, and that, too, without using one dollar of the Museum's or Art School's money. Bear in mind that these are no ill-chosen possessions—that every single piece adds genuine value to the Museum, not alone for the general visitor but also for technical students. Surely this is something worth while.

It is obvious, as Mr. Godlove and other critics have observed, that the present location of the Museum is unfavorable—in fact one of the greatest obstacles to its popularity. Accordingly the Professor has long endeavored to get quarters elsewhere and, through the co-operation of the art authorities of the Exposition, is about to succeed in doing so. The park art building was intended and designed from the first for this purpose, as the best possible means of perpetuating the great educational work of the World's Fair. There the collections of paintings, sculptures and art works of all kinds will be well lighted and kept clean, and displayed to the best advantage. There will be room to install in a dignified and proper manner all the collections—which for years has been impossible in the present building. In the new home about to be inherited, the air is wholesome and the surroundings just what an art museum ought to have. The location in the park will contribute to make the Museum a people's resort for study and entertainment—as is shown by the fact that many thousands have already visited the collection of American Sculptures installed there through the kindness of the Exposition management (several thousand in one day), despite the torn up condition of the grounds. There can be no question that this, also, is something worth while, attained through the St. Louis Exposition.

From the Chicago World's Fair also our Museum profited, although, unfortunately, the time had not yet come for St. Louis to take a wise advantage

of the opportunities secured for her. Through Prof. Ives' connection with the Columbian Exposition he secured some of the most valuable exhibits now in our galleries—exhibits which a collector would find it impossible to acquire in the markets of the world to-day for less than sixty thousand dollars. In addition he secured gifts from the governments of two of the greatest nations in art in the world—but his experience in attempting to get the gifts to St. Louis affords a remarkable illustration. The gifts were made to the St. Louis Museum with a proviso that St. Louis should meet the expenses of transportation and installation at the Exposition—at the close of which they were to come as a free gift from the two governments to our Museum. To take advantage of this splendid opportunity, Prof. Ives hastened from Europe to Washington, where, through the kindness of President Harrison he secured the assignment of a ship of war (placed at his disposal for a period of one year), to bring the gifts to this country. This, you will observe, secured the ocean transportation without expense to St. Louis. Prof. Ives believed that our people would co-operate in this work to the extent that he should have no trouble whatever in raising the mere \$13,000 still required to secure gifts worth many times that sum. Prof. Ives returned to St. Louis; and Messrs. Charles Nagel, George Wright and Ellis Wainwright and himself spent a week of as hot weather as was ever experienced in the city going from man to man and office to office, representing what it would be to us to secure this gift. It may surprise you to learn that not a dollar was raised. Having thus failed in the attempt to gain for our city these splendid gifts, through inability to secure the co-operation of the liberal minded people of St. Louis, who give so generously in many directions, but had not at that time reached the position that the support of art is a legitimate means of advancing the interests of the city, Prof. Ives then went on to Chicago and attended a meeting at which were six gentlemen, well-known citizens. One drew out a paper containing a cablegram from Paris, showing what Prof. Ives had secured as a gift for the people of St. Louis from the French government. He said, jokingly: "How is this, Ives; are you using our thunder to benefit your town?" He then read the cablegram, which quoted the agreement made between the Chief of the Department of Art of the Chicago Exposition and the authorities of the French government. Prof. Ives stated to these gentlemen that he would be glad to do as much for Chicago, if they would place in his hands a sufficient sum of money to accomplish the work. "How much would it cost?"

"\$13,000, which would bring from \$60,000 to \$80,000 in return."

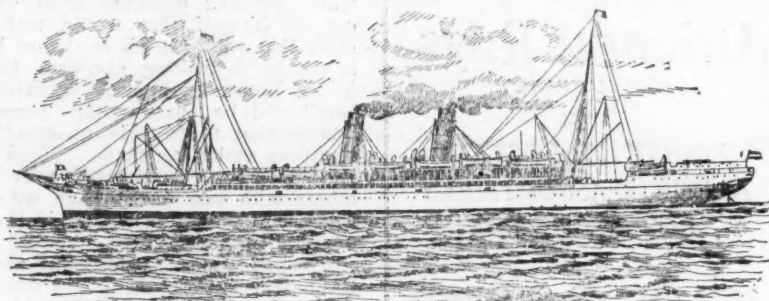
"Could you do better if you had twice the \$13,000?"

"Certainly."

The six gentlemen made themselves responsible for \$25,000—the whole thing being accomplished within fifteen minutes and resulting in a valuable collection for the Chicago Art Institute. This also was the means, no less promptly availed of, which enabled the Metropolitan Museum of New York to complete its architectural collection. It is good to be able to state that in connection with this work one generous citizen, the late John T. Davis, enabled us to secure one very considerable gift, a collection of bronzes which Prof. Ives obtained from Italy, and which is now in a special gallery erected to house it in the Museum.

I am sure you will agree with me that there has been plenty of activity at the Museum when I tell you that the late Wayman Crow's gift of the Museum building came to the art school with only \$25,000 of endowment—and

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that raised by the Board, meeting a condition made by Mr. Crow, to have a small income for purchase of works for the permanent collections. Thus it is now nearly twenty-five years since the School, without other means of support than the contributions made by its friends from time to time, received an empty building and a fund of \$25,000. The building and ground upon which it stands cost Mr. Crow \$143,000. This and the \$25,000 was all the School had to start in the work of building up the Museum? Since its dedication, May 10th, 1881, the officers and members of the Board of Control have succeeded in carrying on the work so as to have a creditable part in the art development of the west, and have accumulated property, art works and endowments, amounting to more than \$900,000 in conservatively estimated value. To the maintenance of this work, Washington University has contributed more than \$100,000. For the last ten years the Museum has been open free to the public for three days in the week—Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Each year it has offered its students and annual members from fifty to sixty lectures, and in addition to its permanent and loan collections has shown on an average of six hundred creditable pictures and other important works of art in special exhibitions for the benefit of St. Louisans. During all this time the expense of conducting the work has never been met by the income, nor by gifts from interested art-loving people of St. Louis. There has been maintained a night school for those whose daily callings

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require a knowledge of art (for several years free tuition having been given), as well as the day school, including classes in design and applied art, all without any maintenance endowment, and often at the expense of people directly connected with the work who were not justly able to contribute either the money or the strength that circum-



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stances necessitated their giving each year.

I could tell you of some things which Prof. Ives has done for the Museum in the way of making good on money which he had expected from sources outside himself that would make his critics hang their heads in shame. When it comes to making sacrifices for art in St. Louis, Prof. Ives "leads all the rest," and he hasn't the bounteous wherewithal to be able to stand such sacrifices as he has made. When what he has done is compared with what others with vast means have not done, those who roast him will be in a frame of mind to apologize.

All this time the Museum authorities have been working for the day when the present opportunities should come and despite critics' opinions to the contrary they believe they have done something worth while in getting to the present point.

They now seek earnestly to make the most of the new conditions. They seek the co-operation of all the city. They present plans which will reflect credit on St. Louis and establish a great popular educational work. Enough has been done to make these plans practicable. They find that these plans now appeal to all to whom they are properly presented—and they find that the press is taking the matter up and giving its effective aid to inform the people.

In regard to your suggestion as to loan exhibitions, there is also something to be said. Every known collector in St. Louis has contributed his treasures to loan exhibitions given in the Museum of Fine Arts—to such an extent that Prof. Ives hasn't the courage to ask again under present conditions. Fortunately this situation can now be changed for the better. The present great desire is to get the better location in the park building, where we can be given such exhibitions as undoubtedly you have in mind—and under far more propitious conditions than ever before. However, there are those who are perfectly willing to lend their works, even as things are; and anyone who now visits the Museum will be shown a fine collection which has been in the galleries during the past year—a collection brought together by the late Colonel George B. Leighton—in which are representative works by the leading artists of our day in various schools of the world.

ARS LONGA.

## A PHILOSOPHER SPEAKS.

St. Louis, March 23, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

And again. Is art on the bum in St. Louis? Why limit the territory?

Why not in America; in the civilized world?

If then, to art we add religion the query will be complete.

When we say Art, we think easel pictures, mural decorations, sculptured figures and the like, done by professors of art for the connoisseurs of art, and exhibited as something unusual. When we say Religion, we think priests, creeds and church services, all on the Sabbath day, and to hell with the other six and the rest of us, so far as art and religion are concerned.

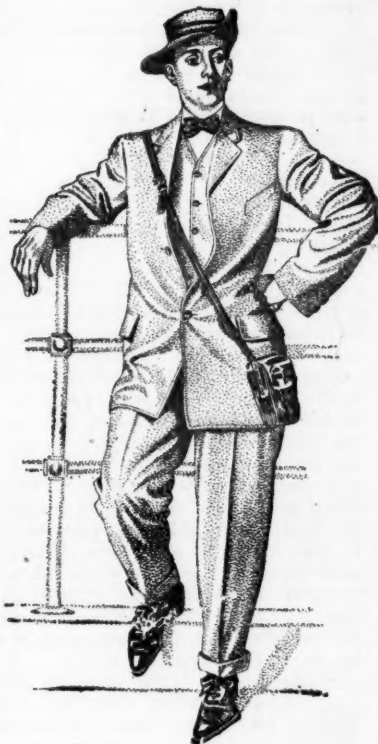
Oh the pity of it! That these precious twins of our emotional and spiritual selves should be monopolized by a few, and limited as to time and place!

How can they be other than "bum," so long as they are something separate and apart from our daily vocations?

Unless they are the joyous and spontaneous expressions of a people, expressed in its work and play and love, they are fakes.

The nation that houses its art in museums and its religion in churches, has neither.

Should not our query be, Is the business of art on the bum in St. Louis, as compared with the business of art elsewhere?

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We have come to a period of dress this season where grace and beauty lie in the graceful form-fitting back and broad-shoulder effect; some of the coats have no vent, others have one in the center. Trousers with the form-fitting hip model with and without the cuff bottoms.

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Others up to \$40.00

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Maybe so; of course, I don't know. Ask Dun or Bradstreet.

G. BLACKMAN.

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## At The Play

## Sothorn-Marlowe.

Beshrew me, but I would be shrewed by such a *Katherine* as Julia Marlowe. And were I tiger taming I would well like me Ned Sothorn's job, as *Petruchio*.

Their little play is lively, colorful, snappy and even snappish, but it isn't Shakespeare to me. I don't think Will's *Katherine* was quite such a husky one as Miss Marlowe makes her, nor withal so plumply, lusciously beautiful. If she were *Petruchio* had never tamed her.

Mr. Sothorn is at his swashbuckling, romantic best in this play. It has swing to it. It has the large elemental breeziness with something of easy grace that we recognize as Elizabethan in quality. Its jauntiness is infectious.

Miss Marlowe is lovely and all that. Her voice is delicious and her dark fire has a congeniality about it, but she makes it too much a spit-fire part—this *Katherine*. She is too shrewish. And yet such as she is there is much of her best art in it. She may not think so, but I do, that her most captivating role was that she took in "When Knighthood Was In Flower" and what made her charming there is what mostly I see in her *Katherine*.

The two make of "The Taming of the Shrew" a most excellent lively piece. They get much of the spirit of most of Mr. Shakespeare's lines, but they do push the play a little beyond comedy and close to what seems like farce.

Miss Marlowe is most fetching to me when she surrenders to her lord, when her art is displayed along quieter lines. If she were really as shrewish as she seems in some of the earlier passages, odds bodkins, she'd have tamed her tamer. Methinks that no shrew ever was who was quite so sumptuous as Miss Marlowe.

Mr. Sothorn has held closer to the Bard than has his co-star—to my thinking, but that is not to say that Miss Marlowe isn't a very interesting exposition of the woman who wants to have full sway for her whims.

Nor is it to say that the performance is not wholly enjoyable. The public, however, will see both these very excellent and distinguished artists in better, because more appropriate roles during the week. There are no others in this country to compare with Sothorn and Marlowe for the beauty and spirit and temper and easily graceful tone of Shakespearean interpretation.

## The Mayor of Tokio.

Emma Janvier is clearly the high card in "The Mayor of Tokio" at the Century this week. Her work as a comic is most effective, and she endows her mimetic absurdities with a clever grace.

Mr. Richard Carle is gracefully agile, but there doesn't seem to be much sparkle to his lines. The man is more interesting than what he says or does. His part is not fat with good things, but of a thinness as to fetching jests.

Mr. Frear as the Mayor has much better stuff to get off and gets it off well. This, at least, shows that Mr. Carle is not jealous of his support or inclined to hog the honors.

Adele Rowland, as an American heiress, has a peculiar voice of some melody and plenty of good looks, and Minerva Courtney is a peachily piquant petite person, exceedingly vivacious and especially helping and helped in the turns she does with Mr. William Rock, who lifts the role of *Rusty* into decided competition for honors with Mr. Carle's part.

Ada Mitchell's *Oloto San*, is Japanese, but somewhat sharp in outline, yet her singing in the early part of the first act is of a quality to arouse enthusiasm. Edwin Baker's antique and rickety and high-piping Nikko is a good display of a special gift for grotesque,

and Sylvain Langlois as a conspirator spreads his role with much skill into an importance not justified by the book. The Russian spy role is awful bad—useless in even such a crazy plotless plot. The pigmy Jap in the cast is interesting, though silent.

The chorus is pretty and shapely and well maneuvered. The costumes are fresh and clean. The music is still full of catchy charm. And yet the piece itself is rather void of that ginger and sparkle which one looks for in such productions. Mr. Carle has good taste. There's nothing vulgar in his show. But it lacks—well, it lacks jokes that tickle.

## Before and After.

"Before and After," the farce at the Garrick this week, moves so fast it gives one vertigo to follow it. Its suggestive of moving pictures, the uniqueness, swift motion and the glitter are all there. There's no mistaking that it's a farce either. It's not only visible, but you can almost feel it. It ramifies like the Standard Oil Company, and has ball-bearing scenes. There are only three acts, but that is quite enough. There's scarcely any use trying to give a synopsis of the play. It's all quite mild and human like, until a physician introduces one of his patent cheer-producing powders into the stomach of his colleague, who's against them on ethical grounds. The effect is startling, a complete transformation of the dignified physician into a dancing, singing clown, with a predilection for kissing pretty women. The climax finds the physician in Newport with a woman who is registered as his wife, and a woman claiming to be her mother. They are all there to prevent his real wife learning of his other acts of involuntary infidelity, and things become mighty warm when his sure enough wife comes unannounced upon the scene.

The farce is capably handled as to all its characters. Fritz William takes the part of *Doctor Page*, the victim of the funny powder, and John Flood is his colleague. Dr. Phillip Latham, discoverer of the new powder. Mr. Williams and Flood work in tandem to excellent advantage, and have constitutions sufficiently strong to stand the strain to which they are put, to keep the pot a-boiling.

George C. Boniface, Jr., who takes the part of *James J. Jeffreys*, and spends two-thirds of his time denying relationship to the "champion," is tolerably amusing, but too fearfully tragic. Mr. Jeffreys incidentally is on the lookout for his actress-wife and child, whom he has not seen in years.

Leo Detrichstein is very clever in the role of the lady-killing Frenchman, *Col. Larivette*, whose wife has been kissed by Dr. Page, and who seeks to retaliate upon Mrs. Page, but has a most trying time determining which of the several women about the Saratoga Hotel is the woman he is to kiss.

Katherine Florence, as Mrs. Page, is exceptionally good, but of the women in the cast Kenyon Bishop in the generous role of a Western ex-prima donna, the "original *Black Crook* in Seattle," is far and beyond the cleverest. *Cora Bell* proves to be the long lost wife of Jeffreys, and there's much apparent joy over their reunion, until Jeffreys discovers that the child he has never seen, but for which he has had a great yearning, was a myth, created to extract money from him by *Cora Bell*.

Helen Drew is another capable in the cast. Her Saratoga-shop girl is rather too abbreviated for the art that Miss Drew appears capable of putting into it.

"Before and After" is preceded by a clever little skit called "Nocturno," which is the work of Percival Pollard and Mr. Detrichstein. The playlet tells the story of an art connoisseur burg-

lar caught at a fashionable home at 3 a. m. by the lady of the house, leisurely helping himself to the art treasures of antiquity. He is a chap of refinement, who wins the attention and then the sympathy of his fair captor. Though she summons the police, she declines to turn the intruder over to the law. The piece is full of bright dialogue, and some incisive criticisms of the modern industrial methods, as well as of art collectors of wealth, but no knowledge of art. Mr. Pollard writes with a smack of Oscar Wilde and G. B. S. and he has the art lingo "pat."

Miss Elsie Fay is giving a sprightly and vivacious performance in "The Belle of Avenue A," a new musical piece, singing and cavorting with melody and grace. She possesses an individuality that sticks out prominently, and is part of her stock in trade. Miss Fay has made a big hit in this production elsewhere, and Grand audiences are giving her a great reception. She is supported excellently especially by the chorus.

"The Flaming Arrow," one of Lincoln J. Carter's stirring Western melodramas, is entertaining the Imperial audiences to the highest pitch this week. The show introduces with success several real Indians in character, and in music features. These lend realism to the part, and add to the beauty of the stage pictures. The cast is generally capable. The story deals with the love

of an American officer for a chieftain's daughter.

"The Bohemian Burlesquers" are presenting a change of entertainment at the Standard this week—a musical comedy in two acts, called "A Bohemian Beauty." This production runs from the start to the finish, the specialties intervening. Among the vaudeville stars in the show are Andy Gardner and Ida Nicolai, in their *Patsy* and *Roxy* comic roles; the Orpheum trio of singers and dancers, Ali, Hunter and Ali, comedy acrobats, and W. H. Ward, German comedian.

"The Casino Girls" are presenting a two-act burlesque skit at the Gayety, in which the entire company aids in provoking mirth in large quantities. Among the specialists are Belle Gordan, champion bag puncher; Allen Coogan, a dancing wonder, and the Ferns, comedy dancers singers. A special feature is Hal Godfrey's vaudeville act, "A Very Bad Boy."

## Coming Attractions.

Coming to the Garrick next week, opening Sunday night, April 1, is Jefferson de Angells, in "Fantana." This is his second visit with this attraction. He is supported by Toby Claude, Hubert Wilkie, Julia Sanderson, Frank Rushworth, Robert Broderick and others.

Next Sunday, the Century will present the clever combination of Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in "The Lightning Conductor," a piece that is

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**Shannon**  
IN  
"The Lightning  
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Next Sunday Night, April 1,  
Benefit of HANS KISSLING.

**"Die fromme Helene"**  
(Pious Helene.)  
By HANS KISSLING.

Next Wed. Night—Benefit of LEOPOLD JACOBI.

**"Papa Nietzsche."**

To-Night—ODEON—March 29th.  
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**The FLAMING ARROW.**  
Sun. Mat., Apr. 1—"THE BURGLAR'S DAUGH-  
TER," First Time Here.

**GAYETY** 14th and Locust Sts  
THIS WEEK, Matinees Daily  
**CASINO GIRLS.**  
NEXT WEEK  
**Gay Masqueraders.**

**STANDARD**  
THIS WEEK  
**Bohemian Burlesquers**

NEXT WEEK  
**Yankee Doodle Girls.**

said to be deserving of the public sup-  
port. It is an adaptation, by Harry  
B. Smith, from the novel of C. N. and  
A. M. Williamson.

"Miss Bob White," a musical comedy  
that has maintained its hold on the  
theater goers for two or three seasons,  
will be at the Grand next week, open-  
ing with a matinee Sunday. A com-  
pany of capables has the attraction in  
hand.

"The Burglar's Daughter," a melo-  
drama new to St. Louis, will be seen  
at the Imperial for a week, commenc-  
ing next Sunday with a matinee per-  
formance. The piece is said to be a  
meritorious one and the company an  
experienced one.

The "Yankee Doodle Girls" will fur-  
nish the bill at the Standard next  
week, opening Sunday afternoon and  
presenting a couple of burlesque skits  
in farical vein, and an olio of unusual  
quality and size. There is a bunch of  
comedians on the bill.

Coming to the Gayety next week are  
"The Gay Masqueraders." They will  
offer a big variety of entertainment—  
including burlettas and a generous  
specialty bill, including popular songs  
and the latest in dancers. The en-  
gagement opens Sunday afternoon.

Hans Kissling's benefit next Sunday  
night at the Odeon will have added  
interest for his admirers and friends  
in the presentation of his new play,  
"Die fromme Helene" (Pious Helen).  
Mr. Kissling who is the first tenor  
and all-around actor of the Heine-  
mann-Welb Stock Company, is also a  
playwright. One of his works, "The  
Greenhorns," has been produced in all  
the large German Theaters in this  
country, Germany and Russia. In  
"Fromme Helene" he gives a vivid pic-  
ture of a modern female Tartuffe, set-  
ting this figure in a frame of ludicrous  
situations and exposing the hypocrite's  
machinations. With the stage manage-  
ment Director Welb will give the new  
play, it should become a repertoire  
piece in other theaters. Leopold Ja-  
cobi will have his benefit next Wed-  
nesday night. "Papa Nietzsche" will  
furnish the vehicle to please his  
friends and show himself to good ad-  
vantage in the title part.

NOTICE—G. Guiseff L. T. Co., now  
at 3529 Olive street, will remove May  
1st, to their own building, 3900 West-  
minster Place.

## Art Notes

Fourteen St. Louis artists and sculp-  
tors have formed themselves into an or-  
ganization which they call "The Two-  
by-Four Society," the object being to  
give exhibitions of their work at least  
twice a year, in the hope of attracting  
the attention of the St. Louis public and  
starting that public in the way of pic-  
ture buying. Their first exhibition is  
now displayed at the Noonan-Kocian  
galleries, No. 615 Locust street. Each  
painter is represented by three pictures,  
none of which is larger than the dimen-  
sions which give the title to the society.

Certainly it is an interesting exhibi-  
tion, and one which will convince the  
most skeptical that whatever we may  
lack of appreciation of art, we fully  
make up in delicacy and dexterity and  
execution among the artists of St. Louis.

The three paintings by Mr. Waldeck  
are remarkably good. The one of the  
titian-haired news boy, especially. Mr.  
Waldeck displays both strength and feel-  
ing and moreover, paints with a care  
which is all there, if concealed in the  
final result. Mr. Frederick Oakes Syl-  
vester is best represented in a picture of  
the bluffs of the Missouri river, in  
which he has revealed all his fine appre-  
ciation of the softer beauties of nature.  
A purplish river view from his brush  
is somewhat out of his vein. Mr. F. G.  
Carpenter is represented by one water  
color which is truly an exquisite thing.  
It has all of the delicacy of a miniature  
and is full of poetry and romance. Mr.  
O. E. Berninghaus submits three pic-  
tures of Indian life, the best of which is  
very good. This picture shows an In-  
dian and his horses upon a high rock,  
overlooking a desert plain. The fierce  
intensity of the sun is especially well  
rendered. Mr. Edmund H. Wuerpel  
shows characteristic work. His pictures



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are much more clear as to detail and  
outline than is usual with him. One in  
particular, which has a mellow golden  
background with dark trees and a brook  
path coming down into the foreground  
is particularly rich and satisfying. J.

M. Watson makes a very pretty showing  
with some water colors, and Gustave  
Wolff is as usual vigorous, clear-seeing,  
realistic in his rendition of landscapes.  
Mr. Dawson Watson has three canvases  
in white-light effect. One of them, call-





NURSERY VISITOR—Why, Children, don't you know your mamma?

THE CHILDREN—Nursie says its not proper to speak to strangers without an introduction.

ed "Moonlight," is not very successful, but another, a snow scene with lilac lights on the trees, is quite catching, while a still smaller canvas, showing a white cloud in a glaring light over the sea is really a remarkable piece of work. Two of Mr. McArdle's water colors are very rich and of smooth, soothing effect. Mr. S. P. Annan has one canvas called "Spring" which shows depth of strength in coloring. A cabbage patch by F. H. Woolwych is an unique piece of painting and one that shows mastery of detail. Mr. Tom Barnett is also in evidence with landscapes which are good in execution, as far as they go, but seem to lack essential grip of the subject, such as usually characterizes his work. There are some small pieces of statuary by Mr. Zolnay and Mr. Bringham. The exhibition from the Ozark Potteries is very well worth looking at.

The people of St. Louis should see this exhibition of "The Two-by-Four Society." It is full of serious work. There are a half dozen pictures in it which would command fabulous prices if signed with other foreign names. The range of the effort is remarkable. All of it is characterized by the true artistic instinct. The members have painted what they liked and only for the pleasure of painting. Not only should the public see, but it should buy, and if it buys, there is no doubt that out of this collection the purchasers will have some pictures which in time to come will be valuable possessions, even considered as sources for the realization of ready money in large gobs.

The Trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts announce an exhibition of original

drawings and paintings by American Painters and Illustrators selected from among the art contributors to the illumination and illustration of *Collier's Weekly*. The display will be open to the public free on Sunday, Friday and Saturday between April 2nd, and April 21st. Among the artists represented will be: Frank Brangwyn, Andre Castaigne, Howard Chandler Christy, Walter Appleton Clark, W. Glackens, Jules Guerin, Albert Herter, Henry Hutt, the two Leyendeckers, Lewis Loeb, Maxfield Parish, Edward Penfield, Howard Pyle, Frederick Remington, Henry Reuterdaahl, Otto Schneider, Wm. T. Smedley, Alice Barber Stephens, Jessie Wilcox Smith, Albert Sterner, A. B. Wenzell, F. C. Yohn and about thirty others. These are the names of men and women representative of the best there is to-day in American art. It is doubtful if an exhibition could be arranged which would more copiously display the highest qualities of painting and drawing in this country at the present time. It will also show to what an extent journalism, in its higher aspects, is finding opportunity for and giving encouragement to pictorial genius.

The series of lectures on the Development of Art, given at the Art Museum, in Memorial Hall, Nineteenth and Locust streets, is drawing to a close. These lectures have been running throughout the winter, every Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Those yet to come cover the subjects of "Modern Spanish," "Early and Modern English," "Scandinavian" and "American" Art, and will be delivered by Mr. Edmund H. Wuerpel. They are profusely il-

lustrated with lantern slides of representative works.

Have you seen Miss Willow's Importation of Millinery? Parlors, 504-505 Carleton Bldg., N. E. Cor. Sixth and Olive streets.

#### Letters From the People

SINGLE TAX DOCTRINE.

St. Louis, March 19, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

As I notice you are an advocate of the single tax theory, I hope you will enlighten me upon some features of the problem.

Does the single tax advocate propose to take the tax from all improvements on the land, such as million dollar structures, and place it upon the land it occupies, and how? What effect would that have upon the revenue derived from taxation? In what manner would the adoption of this plan give more work to the masses?

I own a plot of land 25 feet front, taxed at \$1,000, upon which is a house assessed at \$2,500. Total taxable value, \$3,500. Now, would the \$2,500 assessed against the house be taken off altogether or is it to be placed upon the land? If the former, then the tax would have to be increased to meet the expenses of city and State. Wherein would be the advantage? In regard to compelling all owners of vacant ground to place improvements thereon. I have studied the matter closely, and to me it seems impracticable from every standpoint.

I am far from skeptical, but would consider it a favor if you will explain these points.

E. J. M.

The single tax advocates propose to abolish all other taxes and place one single tax upon the land.

In order to pay the expenses of the government this tax on the land would amount to approximately double the amount of the present tax on the land. In St. Louis the tax is 2.19 per cent on \$100; let us say 2 per cent; you have therefore to pay on your plot valued \$1,000, an annual tax of \$20, and additional \$50 on your house valued \$2,500, total \$70. Under the single tax you would have to pay 4 per cent on your lot, i. e., \$40 and no taxes for your house or any other personal property; you would therefore pay \$30 less than under the present system.

The government would lose in your case \$30, but as about two-thirds of the land inside the city limits is vacant, a single tax of double the amount of the present tax would not only recompense the city government, but would let it have more revenue than at present.

There is almost not one valuable building in St. Louis which is worth two and one-half times as much as the land on which it is built, as is the case with your house, according to your statement; therefore the abolition of the taxes on improvements would not make so big a reduction as in your case.

It is evident that when all taxes are concentrated upon ground rents alone, and when every piece of land is estimated for assessment at the amount for which it would be rented for present use, the tax constantly increasing, in exact proportion to any increase in the rental value of the land, it would be impossible to hold any land out of use for the purpose of speculation. The result would be that all land would be used





# GAS FOR COOKING



## Spring Announcement

We have purchased, at a very close price, 15,000 gas ranges for this Spring's business. These ranges are constructed along lines laid out by our own experts, and have been examined and passed on by them, as being the latest, best, and most economical cooking appliance we have ever handled.

Owing to the enormous quantity, and the season of the year wherein we have made this purchase, we are enabled to offer you them at less than actual wholesale prices.

During the Spring of 1905 we sold 9,989 gas ranges, meaning that 9,989 families began cooking by an easier, cleaner and cheaper method. Were you included in this number? Profit by the experience of others. Install a gas range. There is no question about it, a gas range will give you entire satisfaction. Every user will tell you so.

A gas range is cheaper and will last longer than any other range. The terms of payment are within the reach of everyone. Our expert lady instructors are at your service. We make no charge for this service, it is free.

The work of placing gas ranges will be handled in the order it is received—so order your gas range now. See gas ranges in operation at your nearest dealer or at our salesroom.

**Gas Ranges \$15.00 and \$17.00**  
 Payable \$3.00 at time of order, balance \$1.00 monthly  
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for productive purposes. This would necessitate the constant employment of labor and therefore produce a general and permanent advance in wages.

Money and credit, free from all taxes, would crowd into the industrial field. Factories, mills, foundries, workshops would all be free from taxes. But monopolies based on the ownership of natural opportunities like coal, oil, iron, etc., would be put out of business through taxing their valuable land according to its full value. And not only labor but capital employed in the production of wealth would be benefited notwithstanding the higher wages for labor. For the doubling of the wages of the workmen means the doubling of the market for the joint production of labor and capital. For further information see: Thomas G. Shearman, "National Taxation"; Louis F. Post, "The Single Tax." ED. MIRROR.

#### ONE KIND OF SOCIALISM.

St. Louis, Mo., March 21, 1906.  
 To the Editor of the Mirror:

Dear Sir—Under "A Municipal Theater" in your issue of March 15, I note what would probably be construed as a gross misconception of private property and modern Socialism on your part, by those versed in, and very misleading to one who does not understand, the subject.

You say: "Municipal ownership of public utilities is quite different from

public ownership of private utilities. The latter is Socialism."

Now, this statement would lead one to think that Modern Socialism would admit of little or no strictly private property. To make this important point plain I wish you could find room for the following quite lengthy quotation from "Modern Socialism," by Chas. H. Vail, page 132, chapter 14. (C. H. Kerr Pub. Co., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.)

"Socialism does not propose the common ownership of all property. It is only the instruments of production that are to be socialized. All wealth not designed for use in production can, under Socialism, be owned as private property the same as now. Socialism only designs the abolition of the receipt of private interest and rent. It would only abolish private property in so far as its possession enables one to secure an income without personal exertion by mere laying of tribute upon the labors of others."

"Socialism emphasizes the necessity of private property for the full development of our natures and for personal freedom. It claims that the present system is deficient here, and proposes such an organization of industry as shall secure to all such an increase of property in annual income as will suffice to satisfy all needs and render man independent. All private interest and rent, being but the remuneration of private ownership of land and capital, will disappear."

"But the suppression of private property, and the unceremonious levelling of all private possessions, forms no part of the socialistic programme. Let it then be distinctly understood that Socialism is not the 'negation of property' or the abolition of all private ownership."

"The negation only applies to capital—that portion of wealth productively employed. Private property in wealth, the means of enjoyment, will not only be allowed but decidedly encouraged. Instead of depriving all of property it will enable all to obtain property, and place it on an unimpeachable basis—that of personal exertion."

"This wealth could be enjoyed as one saw fit, only he would not be allowed to use it in fleecing his fellows. I lay special emphasis upon this because many educated people betray a scandalous ignorance on the subject."

Sincerely, J. E. W.

\*\*\*

#### A Strenuous Hour

"Please state to the court exactly what you did between eight and nine o'clock on Wednesday morning," said a lawyer to a delicate looking little woman on the witness stand.

"Well," she said, after a moment's reflection, "I washed my two children and got them ready for school, and sewed a button on Johnny's coat, and mended a rent in Nellie's dress. Then I tidied

up my sitting-room and watered my house plants and glanced over the morning paper. Then I dusted my parlor and set things to rights in it, and washed my lamp chimneys and combed my baby's hair and sewed a button on one of her little shoes, and then I swept out the front entry, and brushed and put away the children's Sunday clothes, and wrote a note to Johnny's teacher, asking her to excuse him for not being at school on Friday. Then I fed my canary bird and gave the groceryman an order and swept off the back porch, and then I sat down and rested a few minutes before the clock struck nine. That's all."—Pittsburg Gazette.

\*\*\*

Mrs. Blair, 416-413 Mermod-Jaccard Building, now announces that a new tailoring department, in charge of a New York tailor, has been added to her Parlors of Frocks and Robes for ladies.

\*\*\*

"A harelip is a misfortune, a club foot is a deformity, but side whiskers are a man's own fault," says that stern censor of public morals, George Ade.—Exchange.

\*\*\*

Hats for ladies in the latest designs at Miss Barney's, 5451 Page avenue.

\*\*\*

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## CHEAP TRIPS SOUTHWEST

On April 3d and 17th the Missouri, Kansas & Texas R'y will sell excursion tickets to Kansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Texas at rates but \$2 higher than the one-way fares.

Tickets good twenty-one days, with stop-overs at pleasure on either the going or return trip.

April is a beautiful month in the Southwest and a trip now will be a delightful one. Then, too, there are the Spring Festivals at various points, and the Battle of Flowers and Old Settlers' Reunion at San Antonio—all very interesting and well worth a trip.

It will be a pleasure to furnish you with rates and additional information.

J. L. WILLIAMS,

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## The Stock Market

### Local Securities.

The speculative situation in St. Louis remains in *statu quo*, if we leave aside the street railway shares. The majority of bank, trust company and industrial shares and bonds show little, or no change, compared with a week ago. United Railways common was again the star performer in point of activity at advancing prices. The buying in this stock was much of the same character as it had been all along in the past three months. People of small caliber bid recklessly. They instructed their brokers to buy at no matter what price. This accounts for the almost sensational jumps in quotations between sales. Sensible investors do not buy in that fashion. They know better. That the stock advances by leaps and bounds is no proof that there's substantial, pressing reason for it. At its present price of 60, the common does not look like a bargain. Far from it. It's more than probable that people who are buying now would not touch the shares at any price six months ago, when they hung fire at 28 and 29. The shares should go higher in anticipation of increasing earnings, but the advance should be conducted on common-sense, not on gambling, principles. The preferred is quiet at 85½. Compared with the common, the preferred should be worth 110 at least, as a sure 5 per cent dividend-payer. Either the preferred is too low or the common altogether too high. The 4 per cent bonds are neglected, with bids at 88¾, and offerings at 89.

Bank of Commerce is selling ex dividend. The best bid is 332 bid, 336 asked. This connotes a little gain over a week ago. Missouri-Lincoln is also ex dividend, with present quotations at 137½ bid, 139½ asked. For State National 195 is bid, 198 asked. Title Guaranty is dull, with offerings at 70 and bids at 67½. The last sales were made at the bid price named.

Industrials are neglected. A lot of 5 Simmons Hardware 2nd preferred sold at 122, and 10 shares of Westinghouse Automatic Coupler at 30. The St. Louis Cotton Compress has declared another quarterly dividend of 1 per cent, payable April 2nd.

Local money rates are rather stiff at from 5 to 6 per cent. Banks report a good borrowing demand. The same news comes from Chicago. Drafts on New York at 25 premium bid, 35 premium asked. Sterling exchange is weak, with the last quotation at 4.86. Berlin is 94.87, and Paris 5.17½.

### Answers to Inquiries.

Constant Reader, Danville, Ill.—Japan's first foreign 6 per cent loan was issued to underwriting banks at 93½. Consider Japan's financial credit good. You won't lose anything by investing in the first series 4½s at about 92. These bonds were given to banks at 90.

R. O., Ft. Smith, Ark.—Would hold Toledo, St. Louis & Western preferred. Stock sold at 65 in 1905. The common a fair speculation, and not much over-valued. Sold at 43¾ last year. Think Norfolk & Western common a good purchase on all sudden breaks. Should sell above par before a great while.

\*\*\*

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Our spring stock of Laces, Embroideries, Dress Trimmings, etc., is now complete. A personal inspection is cordially invited. This season have added to our lines Handkerchief Linens, French Lawns, Swisses, used very extensively this season for Waists and Suits. Lingerie Batistes, very sheer fabric, 42 inches wide, of Swiss manufacture, can only be found here.

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General X.—"Do you see that man? I remember once when he charged our batteries." Major Y.—"Why, he doesn't look military." General X.—"He isn't. He runs an automobile station."—Princeton Tiger.



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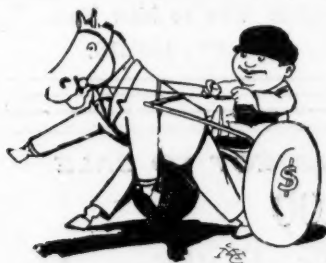
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## Music

*The Conried Engagement.*

The subscription sale of tickets for the four performances of the Conried Metropolitan Opera season, which begins at the Olympic on Monday, April 9th, leaves absolutely no question as to the financial success of the season. The fact that the most marvelous season in history has just closed at the Metropolitan, and that the company has just left New York on its tour, adds zest to the interest of the St. Louis opening. The rivalry between the French and Italian section on one hand, and the German section on the other, is more marked every day. It is hard to decide which standard floats the higher. The supporters of Caruso, Dippel, Eames, Sembrich, Scotti, Campanari and Plancon, the four exponents of the Italian and French school, evidence their faith and interest by heavy purchases for "Martha" and "Faust," while the admirers of Walker, Homer, Rappold, Alten, Freund, Knote, Van Rooy, Goritz and Blass are in no whit behind in their demands upon the box office for bookings for "Lohengrin" and "Hänsel and Gretel."

Caruso, regarded by his admirers as the superior of the irreproachable Jean De Reszke, whose American triumphs are still fresh in the minds of many opera goers, will appear in two roles, said to be ideal in their demands upon his remarkable vocal and dramatic capacities, for Caruso, besides being a great singer, acts with astonishing ability. His acting is as completely satisfying as his vocal attainments.

Knote, who in German grand opera stands supreme, suggests the great Wagnerian interpreter, Max Alvary, for comparison as to voice and interpretation of Wagnerian characters, while all impatiently await the appearance of Mme. Sembrich, whose recent reputation is unparalleled.

Mme. Eames, who will sing *Marguerite* at the Wednesday matinee, has figured in many ideal casts of "Faust," and her appearance in the role here is looked forward to with pleasure.

Subscriptions are still being received at the office of the Conried Metropolitan Opera Co., in the Balmer & Weber Building, 1004 Olive street. They are filled in the order of their receipt, and take precedence over the public sale at the box office, which opens at the same place Monday next, at 9 a. m.

*The Savage Opera.*

Wagner's "Valkyrie" that is to be sung at the Olympic next Monday night by the Savage Grand Opera Company, is the first of the Nibelungen Ring music dramas to be presented in English in this country. *Wotan* is one of the very prominent figures in "The Valkyrie," participating in many of the superb music numbers, and the role requires a basso of great vocal power as well as artist's achievement. For the performance here *Wotan* will be sung by Mr. Ottley Cranston, the superb basso of last year's "Parsifal" company, and Harrison W. Bennett, the Boston basso. Mr. Cranston was brought to America last year from the English opera company that gives annual seasons at Covent Garden. Mr. Bennett was brought from Italy where he sang four years before he was signed for the English Grand Opera forces. "The Valkyrie" begins at 7:30 on Monday and Thursday evenings and at 1:30 for the Saturday matinee. Other operas to be presented during the week are "Tannhauser," Sunday night and Wednesday matinee; "Rigoletto," Tuesday night; "La Boheme," Wednesday night; "Lohengrin," Friday night and "Faust," Saturday night.

Seldom, in the musical history of St. Louis, has the programme of a miscellaneous concert presented such an attractive combination of artists and selections as the Marteau-Gerardy con-

cert at the Odeon on Thursday evening. To Marteau and Gerardy, whose earlier appearance this season is recalled with great satisfaction by concert goers, the management has added two other performers, both new to St. Louis, August Goellner, pianist, and Miss Frieda Stender, lyric soprano. The programme presents selections of wide range and deep interest, many numbers of which will be heard for the first time in St. Louis.

**Program.**

1. Trio for piano, violin and violoncello, op. 97—Beethoven. Allegro moderato; Scherzo; Andante moderato; Presto. Mm. Marteau, Gerardy & Goellner.
2. a—Es leigt ein Traum auf der Heide—Von Flieitz.  
b—Ich liebe dich allein—Fred C. Mayer. Miss Stender.
3. Variations Symphonie for violoncello and piano, op. 23, L.—Boellman. M. Gerardy.
4. La Follia. "Serious Variations" (for violin)—Corelli. M. Marteau.
5. a—Nocturne (in C)—Chopin.  
b—Polonaise (in A Flat) for piano—Chopin. M. Goellner.
6. a—Aria—Bach.  
b—Abendlied—Schumann.  
c—Berceuse—Schubert.  
d—Papillon—Popper. M. Gerardy.
7. a—Voi che spoato—Mozart.  
b—Serenade—Mozskowski. Miss Frieda Stender.
8. a—Hungarian Dance—Brahms.  
b—Adagio Pathétique—Godard.  
c—Farfalla—Sauret. M. Marteau.

**Coming Events.**

The Union Musical Club will present the unique programme designed by Mrs. C. B. Rohland for the annual Lenten concert, at the Church of the Messiah on Friday evening. For most of the classic compositions scheduled, Mrs. Rohland, as usual, has rifled shelves seldom disturbed, and among other new-

old works, will make the club's subscribers acquainted with a Palestrina opus. For "first time in St. Louis" numbers by modern composers Mrs. Rohland has drawn on Elgar—Charles Clark will sing a solo from "The Dream of Gerontius"—and Vincent D'Indy. The D'Indy work is for soprano solo and chorus, the solo passages to be sung by Mrs. Abraham Epstein. On this occasion Mr. Ernest R. Kroeger will officiate at the organ, and piano accompaniments will be played by Mrs. Charles Claflin Allen.

The imported soloist, Mr. Charles W. Clark, "of Paris," will sing the solo part in a Liszt-Rohland arrangement of Schubert's "Die Allmacht," for baritone and chorus, and in addition numbers from Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and "St. Paul," Liszt's "Christus," and Henschel's impressive "Morning Hymn."

The popular concert to be given at the Odeon Sunday afternoon, is for the benefit of the Fresh Air Mission, and in addition to the orchestra directed by the Messrs. Ernst and Fischer, there will be interesting soloists. Mrs. Irene Critchfield-Dobyne has promised to sing. Don Jose Buse will lend his mellifluous tenor for this charity, and Miss Wilhelmina Lowe will play harp solos.

St. Louis has, apparently, decided to take Mr. Savage's production of "Die Walkure" very seriously—a la "Parsifal," as preparation for the event selections from this music drama have been performed on automatic instruments at the music stores, and a lecture-recital by Mr. Ernest R. Kroeger is on the carpet for Sunday afternoon.

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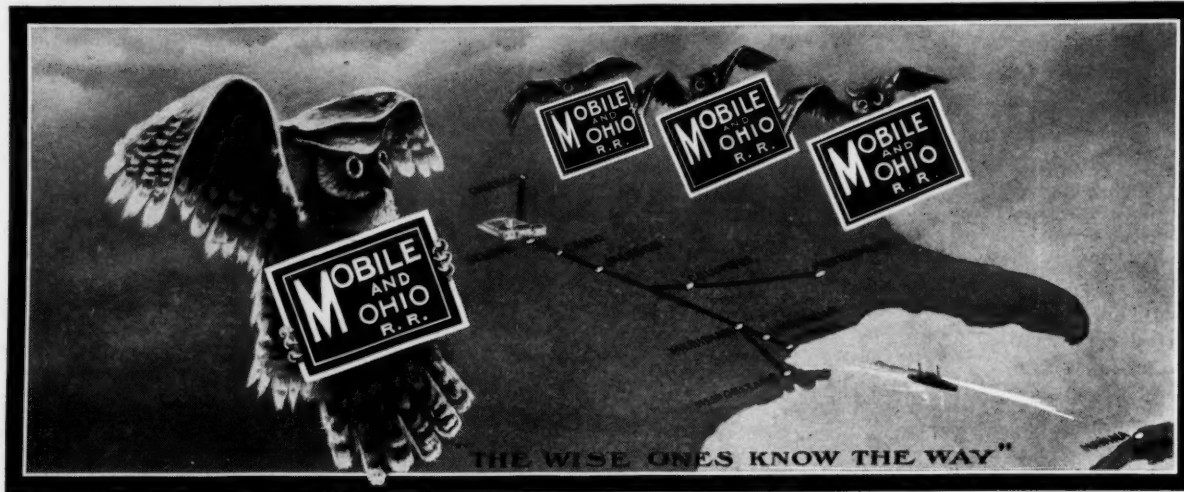
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